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A Prophetess at Large

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

I SEE that Mrs. Aimée Semple McPherson, founder, prophetess, and business manager of The Four Square Gospel and Lighthouses, Incorporated, has set about converting England. Mrs. McPherson told a correspondent of *The Evening News* that she did not think it would be so very difficult. Has she not already converted Los Angeles?

I am interested, because I lived for several years in Los Angeles when the City of the Angels was not so big or so angelic — or evangelic — as it is now. Nobody attempted to convert us in those days. Probably we did not need it. You see, Prohibition had not come in then. A modest horn of the old familiar juice was not a thing you had to be saved from, either by a prophetess or a stomach pump.

There were, as I recollect, a few prophetesses knocking about, — one of them kept the best girls' school in the State, — but they were a retiring lot. They did not go after you with hell fire in one hand and the collecting box in the other and convert you

whether you liked it or not. Of course the earnest seeker after conversion could find it. There were Holy Rollers and Doukhobors and other sects of whiskery primitives, who plucked brands from the burning, but they did not, as you might say, carry the war into the enemy's country. Certainly there were no million dollar temples and no monthly offerings of a modest seven thousand dollars or so for the prophetesses to keep body and soul together on. I rather think that five hundred smackers (I understand that is what the Federal Reserve Banks call them; in my day they were known as bucks, plunks, seeds, bones, simoleons or iron men) would have bought up the whole supply of salvation in Los Angeles. As for San Francisco, where the stuff was really needed, I doubt if you could have collected ten dollars' worth in a week.

IT IS some years since I was in Los Angeles, but friends write to me from there and sometimes send me the

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Sunday edition of the local papers. I cannot gather from these that Los Angeles requires saving from much except Prohibition and the new city hall. Minor threats to its sanity do indeed seem to exist, but from these it is well able, I imagine, to save itself; just as in my day it saved itself from the Southern Pacific Railroad and spitting tobacco juice on the sidewalk.

BUT what of this benighted isle of ours, the helpless prey, if the reporter understood Mrs. McPherson aright, of cocktails and petting parties, whatever they may be? We too, it seems, require to be saved from the soul-searing enticements of threepence a hundred bridge and the insidious poison of what I believe is known in the more sophisticated West as heavy-necking.

Well, I am all for virtue; but the prophetess's job here has turned out to be tougher than she imagines. The trouble is that over here we are either too godly or too godless to need salvation, mostly the former. We have no Underworld, not since the dole. As for the Middle Classes, they either do not want to sin or cannot afford to, mostly the latter. There are the Wanton Rich, of course, but there are not many of them and those of them that there are are too intelligent to abandon the evil they know for the purely suppositious pleasures that prance in salvation's sterile wake.

But there is a more fundamental reason why Mrs. McPherson has been unable to do any particular good over here. She does not know it, yet it is illuminatingly revealed in the first words wrung from her by the assiduous news gatherer. "The English," she said, "if you can get at their hearts,

are the most emotional people in the world." Now I admit that the English are a deal more sentimental than they let on to be. Whether they are emotional, which is not at all the same thing, I am not so sure. But this I do know, that nothing on earth will get them to be emotional about their souls. Since the Reformation, and perhaps since long before that, the English have learned to treat religion as a rational and not as an emotional exercise. An emotionless austerity goes to the very essence of practically every English sect and creed. There is, I agree, the Salvation Army, but the Salvation Army secures its recruits by practical philanthropy and practical humanity. Its corybantic Christianity is but the sign in which it conquers — and it conquers only the Down-and-Out.

For the rest we are most of us, as Dr. Mahaffy once expressed it, either *σώθεις* or *σωζόμενος*; either we have secured a lead pipe cinch on salvation by joining the right sect, or we are in a temporary state of rectitude from which indifference or lack of what I may call the sinews of sin prevent us departing.

IN ANY case we are, in so far as religion is concerned, as unemotional as terrapins. But other difficulties, as Mrs. McPherson soon discovered, lurk in her four square wake. In America the mass production of emotion has reached a fine art. In Britain it is hardly understood. You have only got to see our proletariat, on whom alone it is practised, listening to a Communist orator in Trafalgar Square to realize that. We are the most individualistic race in the world, and view with intense suspicion any in-

vation to get together, whether for the coöperative sale of turnips or to burn down the Houses of Parliament. There are several reasons why the English proletariat has not listened to Mrs. McPherson. Her fur coat and seven thousand dollar monthly "offerings" are one. Her American accent is another. That her husband, prior to divorce, was a milk roundsman, might have helped her, had she mentioned it. But the real obstacle is that our proletariat is still too primitive to take its talkings-to from a woman. Among our toiling masses woman's place, when she is not engaged in rushing the growler, is still the home.

AS FOR the educated classes, Mrs. McPherson could not make any headway with them, for the simple reason that she is not in their class. Perhaps I should say that she is not, in the matter of education and intellect, in the class of those from whom we are in the habit of receiving religious instruction and education. It must be remembered that in the smallest, remotest and least promising parish in England, be it in the slums of London or the waste places of Cornwall, the parson is a gentleman and scholar, who has taken his classical degree, generally with honors, at Oxford or Cambridge. These men are not spellbinders. Their Sundays are more likely to be Coué than Billy. Their sermons are genteel soporifics. But that is what the English, to whom Sunday morning church is a rite, like Sunday roast beef, want.

There remain the small bourgeoisie, the Lower Middle Classes, as we call them. Some of these in their tin chapels treat religion as an emotional exercise. To that extent they are laid open

to Mrs. McPherson's assaults. Her difficulty here is that she has been competing at a disadvantage with other exponents of her own game. She has been like a man who tries to sell New York real estate in Los Angeles. For our tin chapel spellbinders, in their own English way, deal in hell fire and the personal devil and hallelujahs and all the other apparatus on which Mrs. McPherson's own technique is founded.

All the same I concede that she might have scored a success or two in the tin chapels, especially in the South Wales area. But would she be content with that? It would be small pickings, as brands from the burning go, for one who, according to her own statement, has half Los Angeles queued up outside her million dollar auditorium waiting for a chance to crowd in and repent.

AND that brings me back to the point that first caught my attention. I want to know what it is that Greater Los Angeles is so eager to repent of. When I was an Angeleno our virtues and vices were alike of a mild, provincial order. There may have been a certain elaboration in our method of getting the incoming stranger to put his name on the dotted line, but we neither robbed banks nor lived publicly in sin.

Mrs. McPherson told the *Evening News* reporter that she was sure we English were "sick of card parties and cocktails." She is of course unaware that owing to the high cost of hooch an English cocktail would not make the hair stand up on a white mouse, and that our card parties are conducted entirely by middle-aged ladies of impeccable morals in the country,

and retired colonels in Bloomsbury boarding houses. But is Los Angeles sick of cocktails and card parties? I will admit that even in my day we might in an odd while get sick of cocktails, though not where anybody could see us. And now and again we might rise from an all night session at stud poker sadder and wiser men. But these were rare occasions.

SOMEHOW or other I cannot believe that Los Angeles is wasting its vaunted pep merely on cocktails and card parties, which are, after all, very secondary items in the resounding litany of human vice. If Los Angeles is queueing up to be saved, then I think it must want to be saved from something more devastating. The Editor of *The San Francisco Argonaut* says that ninety per cent. of the adult inhabitants of Los Angeles "pursue some strange cult". People do not

pursue strange cults to get away from sin. They are much more likely to be in search of it. I think that when the Los Angeles real estate shark bursts into Mrs. McPherson's tabernacle mewing for salvation, he is really in search of a respite from a magnificent but arid materialism, a preoccupation with ideal-less commercial pursuits upon which alone man cannot live.

Mrs. McPherson sets children dressed as red devils to prance before him, turns on the imitation hell fire, and cries, "I will save your soul!" But it is not his soul that wants saving, but his intellect. Mrs. McPherson does not save that. On the contrary, she invests the soul-saving business with the very same magnificent but arid materialism that he seeks to escape. What Los Angeles is queued up for, only it does not know it, is civilization. And Mrs. McPherson is not a product of civilization.



"How have our morals been changing?" Percival White, who wrote in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for November on New England's industrial problem, contributes to our January issue an amazing statistical survey of the shifting foundations of American life. The survey is amazing not only because of the trends shown, but also because Mr. White has accomplished this difficult task of making statistics come to life. His figures lure one on from paragraph to paragraph and leave one pondering over curious social drifts of the day

Our Essay in Extermination

BY CHARLES NORRIS, M.D.

Chief Medical Examiner of New York City

Poison, poison everywhere, and increasing thousands are daily drinking it. Shall we simply shrug our shoulders and say "So much the worse for them"?

"A JUDICIOUS man," said Carlyle, "looks at statistics not to get knowledge but to save himself from having ignorance foisted on him." If Carlyle were living today his comments on Prohibition would be less temperate than this apothegm, but no more to the point. Among the minor curses attendant on the Eighteenth Amendment not the least is the passionate zeal of statisticians. "Figures cannot lie, but liars can figure;" and the judicious public needs to heed Carlyle's warning. There is small hope of real knowledge in statistics alone. Our best guide is common sense coupled with common experience, and the best we can do with statistics is to analyze them dispassionately lest more ignorance be foisted upon us.

But there is one sort of figures that cannot be fogged with fancy or frenzy. Between October 6 and 8, 1928, twenty-five men and women died in the city of New York from wood alcohol poisoning. They are definitely dead and there is no doubt as to the cause of their death. These are not statistics but the bare record of a

tragedy as shocking and in a sense dramatic as a fearful crash on the subway. The facts demand our attention and arouse our consternation. Such catastrophes demand investigation and an official accounting; they received it in this case from both City and Federal authorities. No less do they demand the attention of the judicious public, which must here face its duty or find a despicable refuge in ignorance.

MUCH more is involved in these fatal figures than a fractional acceleration of New York's mortality rate, as is clear from the varied treatment accorded them in the public press. Newspapers with a pronounced dry bias dropped them overnight from the front pages. The moister press worried with them for a week. Furthermore, people in high places felt constrained to issue statements concerning them, discussing not the deaths nor their manner but their relation to the Constitution of the United States. They were generally regarded, in fact, not as a local calamity but as a commentary on our

Government and a symptom of our national health and sanity.

This compound tragedy is a challenge to the American people. The blame must be fixed, and it cannot be carelessly shoved on to the unfortunate deceased nor loosely fastened on governments, laws and statutes. One thing is certain: If the tragedy is ignored, the American people must eventually bear the blame for worse offenses. Responsibility will increase with every repetition of such disasters, and there is no reasonable doubt that there will be others. It is time for reflection, if not for action or repentance.

SUCH cases as these are loosely described as deaths from "poison liquor". Vital statistics agree with this diagnosis to the extent that deaths from wood alcohol are listed among Poisonings, while the casualties of ordinary alcoholism usually appear under the heading of Deaths from Natural Causes. Wood or methyl alcohol is a poison, and probably the commonest, cheapest and easiest to get. We use it in our automobile radiators and around the house in cleaning fluids, paints, insect sprays and beauty lotions. It is present in over two hundred articles of common household and industrial use. Nobody drinks it intentionally unless he contemplates suicide, just as no one drinks Lysol as a beverage, though fifty-nine used it for suicide in New York City during 1927. In a word, wood alcohol is not "poison liquor". It is simply poison. If it gets into liquor, the liquor is poisoned.

So these five and twenty Americans died not of poison liquor but of poisoned liquor. Who poisoned it? The Government? By no means. There is a

lot of loose talk about Government poisoning of drinking alcohol, and most of it is sheer poppycock. The Government permits, it is true, the use of wood alcohol as a denaturant. So do most civilized Governments, for good and sufficient reason. In this country the maximum percentage of wood alcohol prescribed by Government formula for the denaturing of grain alcohol is ten per cent., and this only in Formula No. 1. This is a complete denaturant, of which there have been seven, though four have recently been revoked. Special Formula No. 1 is something else again. It is intended for partially denaturing grain alcohol for countless industrial uses, and it prescribes five per cent. of wood alcohol. According to people who should know, a lethal dose of wood alcohol varies from an ounce in special conditions to five for the strong constitution. To achieve a quick and effective death from alcohol denatured according to the Government formula, a healthy drinker must consume a great deal of it and do so quickly. To this extent Wayne B. Wheeler was right when he insisted that the Government was not poisoning liquor by increasing its denaturing proportions from two to four per cent. of wood alcohol. When a man dies from this sort of drinking there can be reasonable doubt as to whether the methyl or the ethyl alcohol is responsible. He has had enough of either to account for him.

WOOD alcohol is a poison and always has been without benefit of Prohibition. People who drink it in strong doses die, quickly and inevitably. Thirty-eight did so in New York in 1919, a year before Prohibi-

tion. The twenty-five victims of recent date in the same city drank some concoction wherein wood alcohol was used in place of ethyl alcohol to supply the customary "kick". There is no mystery about their death; the mystery and problem are concerned with the reason why they drank it. The answer, as will be seen, is a serious indictment of Prohibition before the court of public opinion.

LEST we grant too great importance to these twenty-five involuntary suicides, we turn to the tables of deaths from "natural causes". In 1927 there were recorded in New York City 719 deaths from alcoholism. With the exception of myocarditis (heart disease) and arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries and old age), this is top score among several hundred sufficient reasons for mortality. Here we come into the deceitful company of statistics and must needs watch our step. The score is clearly not complete. It represents the total of deaths observed in city hospitals, checked by autopsy, or reported to and approved by the Health Department. But the Department of Health, according to its own confession, "rejects certificates of death from private physicians in which the word 'alcoholism' is the main or contributing cause". For this very good reason private physicians will rarely make such a report and expose their deceased customers to the indignity of a post-mortem examination. For equally obvious reasons, private physicians will prefer to ascribe death to other "natural causes" when they can, in the case of clients in good standing or society, and there is no reason why the Health Department should go behind their report. If it

does, it is handicapped by the physiological fact that good alcohol is oxidized out of the body within twenty-four hours, and autopsies must be prompt to catch the evidence. If the body is already embalmed, detection of alcoholism is impossible. There are therefore no reliable or trustworthy statistics in regard to the fatal effects of alcohol in New York City, but it is certain that the real total is much in excess of the published figures. There should also be added many deaths by accident, asphyxiation, etc., directly due to drunkenness. In one year intoxication was a known contributory factor in 69 deaths by asphyxiation out of 261 in Manhattan, and traffic accidents are notoriously flavored with strong drink. Beyond question alcohol is easily at the head of all causes of death listed in the tables.

IT is a familiar fact that these figures have steadily increased since 1920. It is less well known that they were steadily decreasing up to that time with no other encouragement than the improved temperance of the American people. This is denied only by those who have special reasons for denying it. A certain Mr. Pickett, research secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose job appears to be to discover what his employers wish discovered, stated recently that "the death rate has decreased tremendously, but it is significant that there is a rather small decrease in the South Atlantic Division". You bet it's significant. It is significant because this is the only division which can collate and publish figures that amount to anything, and it is significant because these figures

tell the wrong story for the comfort of Prohibitionists. This talk of the decreasing death rate is a red herring drawn across the path of intelligent investigation. Wherever records are complete, the death rate from alcoholism is back to pre-war strength or worse.

MR. WHEELER has said that "the drop in the death rate for the first seven dry years was equivalent to the saving of over a million lives. Prohibition can claim credit for a large part of that". There is no doubt that it can claim it and does, but to do so with justice it must also explain why the death rate from alcoholism in New York rose steadily from 87 in 1918 to 719 in 1927, — the largest figure in eighteen years, — and has begun 1928 to the ominous tune of 518 in the first seven months. It must also explain the statement of Congressman Loring M. Black that "there were 11,700 deaths from alcoholic poisoning in the United States last year". Its claim that the special wages of sin against the Eighteenth Amendment are confined to the cities and particularly to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, has no authority while accurate vital statistics are impossible in rural districts and improbable in most other places. And for further confirmation of the rising tide of liquor hazards there are figures from hospitals and insurance companies. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in one survey marks a rise from 77 alcoholic deaths in 1920 to 638 in 1926. The Canadian branch of the same company, on the other hand, records only 100 deaths from alcoholism among over a million policy holders in the entire period from 1911

to 1926. Five New York hospitals show decreasing figures for acute and chronic cases of alcoholism from 14,236 in 1914 to 4,580 in 1920, and since then a steady increase to 13,204 in 1927. The New York State Hospital reports a steady increase in admissions for alcoholic insanity. Arrests for drunkenness in all big cities make appalling totals, though in New York at least no arrests are made of people found staggering in the streets if they are apparently able to get home without assistance.

THE alcoholic casualties are tremendous, outnumbering in many places the traffic toll which gives us such grievous national concern. What are these people dying of? Not of wood alcohol, which is the popular scapegoat for the deadly consequences of illegal drinking. A wood alcohol death, as we have seen, is listed among poisonings. Death by alcoholism means death by excess drinking of alcohol, encouraged and accelerated more or less by sundry poisons put into active service by our benevolent Government. Dr. H. V. Atkinson of the State University of Iowa declared early this year that "most cases of poisoning as a result of drinking bootleg liquor are due to the ingestion of an overdose of ethyl (or grain) alcohol". The alcohol kills though the poisons help, and before we vent our indignation on a Government befuddled by a practically insoluble problem we should in justice seek some clear understanding as to just how far "poison liquor" is poison and how far it is liquor.

The active ingredient of bootleg liquor is grain alcohol. For this the drinking man will accept no substitute,

and if he does he dies, which is bad for the bootleg business and frowned upon by its more enlightened representatives. Wood alcohol, it is true, differs from ethyl or grain alcohol by only a chemical fraction, but this fraction makes all the difference in the world, and indeed may lead directly to another world. The difference in net results is greater even than that between corrosive sublimate and calomel, which are equally close kin in chemical constitution. But apart from the essential alcohol there are other things in bootleg liquor and many of them are poisons. These are additions, accessories after the fact, or by-products of distillation.

THERE is considerable difference of opinion as to whether grain alcohol itself is a poison. On this matter we cannot trust fanatic Prohibitionists and need not trust our own personal experience, though common sense admits that sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't, or else the human race would never have reached the flower of the age which produced the Eighteenth Amendment. Charles L. Dana, whose volume on *Nervous Diseases* is universally acknowledged as authoritative, has this to say:

Ethyl alcohol is generally classed among the narcotic agents. It has, however, a primary stimulating effect upon the organs of the circulation, respiration and digestion, and also upon the brain. It is a food in the sense that about 90 per cent. is used up in the body and transformed into heat and energy, like sugar. It is not, however, a very good food under ordinary conditions, but it can be used as such. Alcohol is also correctly said to be a poison, using the term to mean anything irritating or injurious to the organism, though this may be said of almost any substance that is taken into the system, if used to excess.

So alcohol in moderation is not a

poison, but men can drink enough of it so that they die of poison. They can and they do. In what special respect, then, are post-Prohibition whiskey, gin, *et al.* "poison liquor" in the sense that pre-war stuff was not?

The chemists of the Police Bureau of Philadelphia reported in September, 1928, that of thousands of samples analyzed, 95 per cent. contained poisons. Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, toxicologist for New York City, says: "Of the whiskeys that come to my attention I would say that 95 per cent. of them are really unfit to drink." If these statements mean that 95 per cent. of contraband liquors are poisonous in fact, then the decimation of our urban populations should be frightful. The casualties are admittedly bad, but they are clearly not so bad as that.

A NUMBER of factors modify the first alarm of these figures. In the first place, it has been found that many pre-war liquors submitted to these same tests reveal a proportion of poisons. The tests are exact and exacting, and would probably reveal poisons in such ostensibly innocuous beverages as are generally classified as "pop". In the second place, these tests are chiefly confined to seized liquors, and most seized liquors come from low dives, speak-easies and private stills, or from bootleggers who cannot afford expensive protection and deal in low grade stuff with a low grade of trade. Only a fraction of them come from the upper levels of thirsty society. The tests reveal the condition of the worst liquor afloat and will reveal little more until high-class cellars and the aristocracy of bootleggerly come under inspection, which time is

not yet. The third factor concerns the nature of the poisons.

MOST of these have elegant, extensive and terrifying names and are remnants of denaturants at one time intended to make the alcohol undrinkable. About 80 such denaturants are in use for the purpose and 72 of them are neither deadly poison nor impossible of separation if some one cares to take the trouble to remove them. The commonest belong to that bootleggers' favorite, Formula 39B, which is intended for denaturing alcohol for use in perfumes, toilet waters, barbers' supplies and lotions. Bootleggers like it because it can be "de-formulated" without too much trouble and without leaving suspicious tastes and smells behind it. Of all these denaturant poisons or near-poisons, some are approximately deadly and some simply threaten indigestion, and all of them call for a pretty heavy dose to do real and permanent damage. In order to be conclusively and promptly poisoned by them in the dilution in which they usually appear in bootleg liquor, you would first have to drink yourself to death.

On the other hand many of them have toxic effects in repeated doses. They irritate the stomach walls, upset the liver and choke the kidneys. So, for that matter, do strong coffee and tea to a definite degree, but the possibilities of the handmaidens of Prohibition are more varied and vicious. In this respect wood alcohol comes back on the scene as a poison. Whereas good grain alcohol does its work and disappears in a very short time, wood alcohol—even in small doses—is not completely eliminated, and by

repeated ingestion can become an extremely dangerous poison. Slow poison from bad liquor is an established fact, even though its physiological history cannot always be traced.

These denaturants were originally added to the alcohol under Government control and connivance. But let us not blame the Government too harshly. Something must be added to grain alcohol to prevent its being all drunk away and thereby denied to legitimate industry and business. Since Prohibition the denaturants have been multiplied and their character adapted to special uses for the alcohol, but there has been no intention of enforcing Prohibition by a death penalty or slow torture. The unfortunate difficulty lies in the fact that no one has yet devised a practical way to make alcohol fit for business and at the same time unfit for drinking without also making it more or less poisonous.

THERE is another subtle sort of poison in much illegal liquor which more or less defies analysis. New distillate, no matter how carefully made, contains elements unfriendly to man. Proper aging removes these elements or transforms them into harmless flavors and bouquets. It is a curious thing that pure alcohol, plus water, plus sugar, plus flavoring do not make good whiskey. They ought to, but they don't. Good whiskey is brewed by Father Time out of relatively bad whiskey or young whiskey. A similar subtle change takes place in wines and to some extent in beer. Wines are at their best at an average age of four years, and beer at six weeks; though an English brewer of ale in more leisurely days would have blushed to send out a brew under three months and his

prize ale was aged for nine. It is quite certain that most home brews or distillates never achieve any such antiquity. They are consumed young, green and raw, and damage comes of it.

THESE are the essential hazards in "poison liquor", shorn of their polysyllabic names. The more dangerous of them are there because it is too much trouble and expense to get them entirely out. The rest come from carelessness or ignorance. But they are not alone responsible for our mounting mortality rates from alcohol. These are due to a much simpler cause — that people are drinking entirely too much and too often of strong liquor. And in this there is as much of irony as tragedy and Prohibition is brought to a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. Because, forsooth, hard liquor is forbidden, more and more people are going to death on its flood. By law and logic there should be no hard liquor. Where does it come from?

The answer is a matter of public knowledge. The Federal Government admits that while 80,000,000 gallons of grain alcohol are manufactured yearly under permit, only about 70,000,000 gallons of it turn up again in legally manufactured products. Ten million get away. A second source of supply is in part revealed in official figures from Canada. During the year ending August 31, 1928, 1,153,710 gallons of whiskey were exported from Canada to this country. A third significant fact is that a common wash boiler under proper management will manufacture forty gallons of pure ethyl alcohol a day. Why ask where it all comes from?

People are dying of too much

alcohol and the wrong sort of alcohol, because they are thirsty, can get nothing else, and can get it easily. Walton Green, Prohibition Investigator, has said: "All the Prohibition agents in Christendom can't watch the thousands of fake manufacturers who are buying from the denaturer and selling to the bootleg plant." Lincoln C. Andrews estimated that there were at one time hundreds of thousands of private stills in operation. *The New York Evening Post*, during the last wood alcohol furore, announced that its own investigation had revealed 15,000 speakeasies doing business in New York City. Philadelphia city government in the throes of a clean-up declared war on several hundred such joints known to the police by name and address. Unbiased observers have admitted that the number of speakeasies in every principal city now exceeds the saloon record of pre-Prohibition days. On country roads every other gasoline pump has a side-line in liquor, and road houses flourish everywhere at the edge of city limits.

LINCOLN C. ANDREWS, driven to a corner by the outcry against Government poisoning of alcohol, said: "Before the law became operative, there was pure liquor available, and there was no incentive to drink the denatured liquor." The Navy had the same experience in enforcing its own private prohibition laws, and was long ago compelled to stop the use of wood alcohol in its paints and varnishes lest it lose an unpleasant proportion of those sailors who insisted on drinking them. And there is a worse tragedy in our present situation. Old and normal tastes for beer and wines must now be

largely satisfied with deadlier intoxicants — doubly deadly intoxicants. The Canadian system makes a contrast and points a moral. Their plan is to make it increasingly difficult to obtain more powerful liquors; the harder the liquor the harder it is to get. Our own, as it has worked out, is to make it difficult to obtain the relatively harmless drinks, while bootleggers make it easier all the time to get the dangerous ones.

WHAT can be done about it? To invoke the law is an evasion of the issue, for these matters are already outside the law. Prohibition, we are told, should be enforced by more Prohibition and all would be well. But real enforcement means prohibition of importation, closing of all commercial and private stills, elimination of home brew, wiping out of bootlegging, and the establishment of a corps of strictly honest Prohibition officials, beyond temptation and beyond reproach. None of these things have been done, none of them can be done. We know now that Prohibition is one thing and Prevention another. We are paying a tragic penalty for optimism and good intentions unsupported by good sense. At the end of eight years without good liquor an increasing proportion of our nation is drinking itself to death on bad liquor.

It must be recognized also that the damage is worst at the point where it hurts most. Dr. Charles L. Dana, quoted above, says that "alcoholism and habits of alcoholic excess in this country almost always develop before the age of thirty". And Prohibition has undoubtedly bred a glamor to sur-

round alcohol with a hazard for young habits and immature minds; it permits the tanning and galvanizing of young stomachs and countenances young debauchery.

It has indeed destroyed the saloon, but it has given us a more deadly substitute. It has destroyed the grace of an old gesture of friendship, and taught a new hospitality in terms of gallons. It has thumbed the nose at essential decency by permitting the prostitution of the law for the protection of an offense. It has failed to reduce, moderate or control heavy drinking. It has created a new social order of bootleggers, and its blunders have protected an infant industry until it is now so secure in the law and the profits as to be a real menace to our national security and integrity. And death follows at its heels.

"A JUDICIOUS man looks at statistics not to get knowledge but to save himself from having ignorance foisted upon him." Twenty-five citizens have been done to death by poison in one city. Nearly ten thousand in the same city will die this year from strong drink. Our national casualty list for the year from this one cause will outstrip the toll of the War. These are the first fruits of Prohibition — not in terms of savings banks or factory efficiency or the votes of pussy-footing legislators, but in terms of life and death. This is the price of the Great Experiment, which has cost the nation already \$178,000,000 and deprived the Government of taxes approximating a billion dollars a year. This is the net dividend of our noble experiment — in extermination.

Mussolini at Close Range

BY KATHARINE DAYTON

*In which a former skeptic about this "one-man stuff" spends
twenty magic minutes in the Presence, and grovels
forevermore before the new Napoleon*

IN THE first place, we think it only fair to make it quite clear that this article is going to be as one-sided, biased, and 100 per cent. pro-Mussolini as any you ever read. And in the next place, let us assure our readers that, although we were a little over two weeks in Italy and a whole twenty minutes with Mussolini, we are emphatically *not*, contrary to the usual procedure in this sort of thing, going to say What either of them Needs. So stop teasing, all four of you. When auntie says no, she means no! Now go on with the story.

Not that we were always, as the phrase goes, thus. Time was, and not so far away, either, when we would have been ready enough to be so. Like a true citizen of what, for want of a better word, we will call a Democracy, we were always perfectly willing to be governed by a minority if it could get away with it; but the faintest suspicion of this one-man stuff would get us all wrought up and doing the usual constructive things like shaking our head, saying there ought to be a law, and the like. In common with most of our fellows we felt that this here, now, Mewsolini was certainly wonderful

and all that, but wasn't he a little *too* — well, *you* know! And in addition to a desperate attempt to be broad-minded — though at our age we should have known better — and read everything written on both sides with, of course, the inevitable conclusion that no one would ever really know what all the shooting was for, we didn't like his pictures. In them his eyes were always far too black and starey, his jaw too pugnacious, his whole attitude and expression too much that of an ex-pugilist who has been given the wrong number.

IN SHORT, as we look back over it all, we realize that quite unconsciously our attitude towards him was similar to that of the gifted Messrs. Moran and Mack towards the saxophone solo — even if it was good we wouldn't like it! All of which probably accounted for our acceding so blithely to an editor's suggestion that, as we were going to Italy anyway, we ought to try to see Mussolini and get a story with — now, don't say a word, because this is hurting us much more than it hurts you! — a humorous slant.

A humorous slant! Heaven send the

man will never know how near we came to going epic on the spot, and coming home all broken out in odes and things, instead of just the simple, girlish, bigoted, blindly enthusiastic, hero-worshipper we are!

As for this Needing business — while Italy has Mussolini she doesn't need a darn thing! And Mussolini himself has everything!

Everything, we repeat; including, to an excessive degree, that supreme quality that all true conquerors have possessed, and, lacking which, the most gifted of soldiers and statesmen may be able and valuable, but rarely great — Charm; that natural charm which has always been a whole armor to the living great of the earth, fending off till after their death the swarms of busy little buzzard-biographers who dare look only in their cadavers for the things that buzzards look for.

FOR Mussolini is a great man. So great that there is nothing funny about him; which, after all, is probably one of the most acid tests of greatness. You can admire him or despise him, loathe him or love him — there is no middle ground with such a man — but you simply cannot laugh him off. If you won't take our word for it, just try, and see how silly you look! Personally, we love nothing better than what we are persuaded is a sufficient excuse for a good grovel; and when we meet a man who is so perfect an instrument for a superb Idea that those fussy old spinners, the Fates, choose him as the shuttle to weave a fresh and vivid pattern in the once gorgeous but admittedly frayed and fading tapestry of his country's history — well, all we can say is that when we met Mussolini we groveled till it hurt! Yessir! Stiff

old grovelling-muscles we had never used before, and probably never will again, were brought into play. And even now we're a little lame.

BUT please don't misunderstand and think we started our grovelling perfectly cold. No, indeed. Our grovelling had its inception on the liner which took us to Italy, and was thereafter an absolutely natural, orderly process, culminating in the Chigi Palace in Rome. For you begin at once on an Italian ship to sense the new spirit of Italy — or its old spirit revived — and of Mussolini. You sense it in the speed and conduct of the ship, which competes in those things with the best of other lines, and far excels most in charm of atmosphere; in the cleanliness, the well-cooked food, the pleasant service where every member of the crew is selling you the new Italy as hard as he can; in the thrill of your first glimpse of the Roman salute — that inspiration of Mussolini which bridges instantly two thousand years to bring before the vivid Italian imagination its magnificent heritage — with which the good-looking, serious young officers greet one another. Or when the husky, handsome young smoking-room steward, who turns loose the most high-pressure brown eyes and white teeth and dimples we ever saw at the mere mention of Mussolini, tells you he hasn't the faintest desire to come to America, for Mussolini has work for everyone in Italy now — that same Italy which for years let so much of her youth seek its opportunity in other lands. Or when another steward — older, more serious — says, a little hesitantly, that he doesn't know — peep! say many thing — but all he

knows is that his city of Naples was ver' bad city — ver' dirty — ver' poor — ten, maybe twelve peep' livin' one room, but no more now — Mussolini won't let them! Just like that! More and more we get the impression from these simple and very intelligent people that this man must combine in himself the most striking, not to say endearing, characteristics of our old friends Santa Claus and the Bogey Man.

BUT we really sense the deadly earnestness of it all when, landing at Naples, we receive our first — and, we hasten to add, our only — dirty look from a perfectly beautiful Black Shirt soldier, merely because we protest against having our head mashed by a trunk! The whole point lies in the fact that the trunk belongs to a returning Fascist dignitary, whose enthusiastic followers are expressing their joy by dragging off, in lieu of his chariot, his luggage. Unless you are capable of imagining what it would be like to receive a really dirty look from Adonis, in the snappiest of olive-grey-green uniforms, with the snappiest black shirt and collar and eyes and trench cap, you may not realize why, then and there, we definitely abandoned the idea of treating Fascism with — God forbid! — a humorous slant!

As a matter of fact, we don't intend to treat Fascism with any sort of slant; and we purpose to leave criticism of it, both constructive and the more widely-known brand, to better men than we are. But while only those who know the old Italy can realize what has happened in the past few years, every newcomer can feel the energy, the earnestness, the singleness of purpose inspired in this people

of such diverse traits — such an enchanting and aggravating mixture of indolence and industry, simplicity and guile, gaiety and passion — by Mussolini.

But we must get on to Rome and the Chigi Palace. Everywhere along the way we recognize evidences of the old formulas used since the beginning of time for the imposition of new systems. Work for everyone — intense nationalism — the large civil list — suppression of criticism — and, of course, strong-arm stuff. *Of course* strong-arm stuff! What do you expect? Has any people ever followed a leader who simply called "Here, kittykitty-kitty!" or its equivalent, to them? Hasn't every truly revolutionary period had its dictatorship, either of an individual or a class? Well, then — stop interrupting us! And above all, we are keenly aware of such fixity of purpose, such strict obedience to the law — there is no bootlegging of the prohibited white bread in Italy — that one either falls in step with it, or one breaks stone in Sicily. Which last is distinctly not this one's idea of Fun On A Hot Day.

TO MAKE a story, which is really much longer, short, by the time we reached Rome we were so thoroughly sold on the Idea which rules Italy now, and so thoroughly Mussolini-conscious that, although we had blithely armed ourselves with the proper credentials, the last thing on earth we desired was to meet him. Our inferiority complex, which had several times during the journey reared its ugly head, now boldly cast off its overcoat and false mustache and came right out in the open. We thrilled to the thought that we were actually in Rome during the

reign of a Cæsar, but the idea of intruding on his overcrowded hours, — even if it could be arranged, which was becoming increasingly difficult — was too awful. Imagine a man who holds five government portfolios — War, Aviation, Interior, Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council, or, in other words, fills the offices of Secretaries Hoover, Kellogg, Davis, and two others we haven't even got — and whose official day begins at nine and continues till all hours of the night during the hottest summer Rome has known in thirty years, having to submit for even ten seconds to being goosed at by us! Hideously aware as we were that we had never swum or flown or done anything of sufficient importance to merit even a presentation to Mayor Walker, can you wonder that, when we learned Mussolini would see us, although it was his last day for audiences, at eight o'clock that evening, we sunk to a state where we felt as if, to put it conservatively, we would have to stand on tiptoe to look a pansy in the eye?

IN THIS frame of mind, if that's what it was, we arrive at the Chigi Palace — which, by the way, you may be as interested as we were to know is pronounced exactly the way it doesn't look, or "Keegee". Passing the very business-like Black Shirt guards, who make us feel the way we always do in a bank, we go up a great stone staircase and through a beautiful room — we remember chiefly the tapestries and the huge centre-table with a stunning ship-model of an ancient Roman bireme — to the anteroom where we are to wait. This, too, must have been a beautiful room, but the tapestried chairs and wall seats are just now

smothered in furniture-covers and look the way furniture-covers would look in an anteroom by eight o'clock of a hot August night. Here we spend three or four years in as many minutes; some of us doing our bit to scrunch nervously the furniture-covers a little more; some of us trying to pretend it will be out in a minute and won't hurt anyway; some of us just standing around looking silly. But all of us indulging in that horrible indoor anteroom sport of wondering what we'll say and — what made this particular game all the worse — what we'll say it in. Unhappily, we had just learned that Mussolini would prefer not to speak in English. This is a crushing blow to an already well-nigh shattered nervous system, as our only two Italian words don't hit.

MISERABLY, we search the place where we used to keep our brains for something — *anything* — to say, and just any little old French words to say it in, when we are joined by Mussolini's secretary whose lyric, official title is Capo Ufficio Stampa. Although, between the gruelling heat and what must have been a terrific day of Stampa-ing, he must be exhausted, nothing about him, except perhaps his gently wilting soft collar, shows it. Instead of choking us with a priceless tapestry, as he must long to do, and throwing us out the window for the idiotic interrupting nuisance we are, with charming courtesy and simplicity of manner he makes us sit down and himself reproves the unruly, billowing furniture-cover on our bench. In spite of his efforts to put us at our ease another ten or fifteen years drag by while everybody says how hot it is, and we go on with our desperate hunt

for something to say — and how!

A young embassy attaché passes on his way out from his interview. What *do* people say! He doesn't look so terribly bright, either! An Ambassador . . . how about *je suis* . . . uh . . . uh . . . no, we'd never make that grade in a million years! Uh . . . *je suis* . . . A priest who is writing a church history . . . uh . . . Good Heavens! The secretary has disappeared and in his place is a small man in a frock coat who wants us to follow him.

SUDDENLY we realize we're the only woman in our party of four — curse those chivalrous meanies, we've got to go first! The man in the frock coat almost runs ahead of us. We snap into it — there's something in the air now that makes us — through another great anteroom, round a corner into a tiny one, and then through great carved doors into the huge Salon of Victory, so huge that the mammoth table in its furthest corner, the three men around it, seem miles and miles away — and completely and absolutely forget that we don't know what to say! We don't care! We are vaguely aware of more marvellous tapestries; blazing chandeliers reflected in the bare, polished floor; a big easel with a half-finished portrait of Mussolini on it; a sculptor who works steadily at a bust of him; a great green-blue bronze globe of the heavens, which we will learn later is the only relic of Nero's sunken Golden Galley, not so long ago recovered from the Lake of Nemi. But the only thing we really know is that we are swirled across that room on the most tremendous current of power, our ears ringing with the blare of invisible trumpets and the beating of wings, and our eyes blind to

everything but the man coming towards us from behind that great table. And the only thing we really care about is that at last we know, as we have always longed to know, what it must have been like to meet Napoleon!

For whether he means to be or not, Mussolini is, startlingly, like Napoleon. It's nonsense to say he has himself painted that way — there simply wouldn't be any other way to paint him! He looks infinitely more like the pictures of Napoleon — not the dumpy, heavy ones, but the earlier Napoleon of the David sketch, or the Girodet portrait at Versailles — than he does like his own photographs. And it's not only in the challenge of his direct glance — a glance that one must, for self-preservation, meet as directly — or the remarkable resemblance of feature and form and expression. There is about him that same tremendous native dignity — a dignity with nothing of the strut about it; a dignity so absolutely a part of him that it will be his always, as it was Napoleon's, at the ebb as well as the flood tide of his power and popularity.

WHAT he says, naturally, on such a trivial occasion, doesn't much matter. There is no reason why he should cast gems of statesmanship before us; we are not after one of those beautiful-women-and-tall-building interviews for the press. We are meeting the man! Consequently the important thing is the way he says it — the way those eyes that often flash lightning can roll and sparkle with humor as he discusses the dispatch published that day in an American paper to the effect that tourists were fleeing Italy because of strikes and riots. We have been told

that earlier in the day he was much irritated by this entirely unfounded report; but now he is in high good humor.

"*C'est stupide!*" he says, rolling his eyes around the group to include us — a courtesy he never forgets for a moment — and we find ourselves through sheer force of example doing all sorts of extremely Latin things with our shoulders, and making those supremely eloquent Latin noises which can coincidentally mean everything and nothing whatever, and of which we had hitherto believed ourselves quite incapable. He chuckles, and slyly taps the side of his nose with his forefinger (a gesture we never saw anybody use except Santa Claus — you remember "And laying a finger a-side of his nose" in *The Night Before Christmas?*) as he says, "That dispatch, you see, is dated Geneva! The Swiss hotelkeepers are jealous because we have so many Americans at our Lido this summer! Italy is the one country where at this moment there are no strikes or riots." And he ticks off rapidly on his fingers the countries that have, including our own.

WE HAVE just sense enough left to know that we ought to go. Too many vivid minutes have slipped by — minutes that, astonishingly, we shall always remember as among the most thoroughly easy and delightful and spontaneous in our life. So easy, indeed, so entirely free from all sense of pose or restraint, that we forget once more that we don't know what to say and, miraculously, say it! He is shaking our hand in goodbye when we say it, and we speak so absolutely from our heart that we forget instructions — or, if we remember them,

don't care anyway — and say it in English. And you can see for yourselves that, whatever it was, it must have been pretty good because he raised our hand to his lips and kissed it!

We remember his smile, and returning his Fascist salute; we remember glancing back from the door to receive another salute from him, once again behind his huge table; and we remember most of all the agony of that moment when the carved doors closed behind us and we realized that *we had on our gloves!*

SO now that you know exactly how we feel about Mussolini, go ahead and heckle us if you want to.

But first we should like to say how difficult it is for us, whose system of government automatically checks individual control, to realize this man. At this distance we can only realize and perhaps resent the Dictator. But Mussolini is something quite different. Most significantly, the people themselves have called him *Il Duce* — which, taken from the Roman *Dux* means "Leader" — an instinctive recognition, not of caste, but of ability and confidence. We, who call our most able and respected public men "Cal" and "Al", must remember that this man is known only by the dignity of an un-prefixed surname, or this magnificent title bestowed upon him by his fellows.

And now let's take the first little hand we see raised, because we're sure it belongs to someone who is going to ask that goofiest of all the goofy questions that are always being asked concerning Mussolini — and we ought to know, because we wake up in the night shivering to remember how

we used to ask them ourselves — namely: “Will it last?”

FOR once we know the right answer, which is, unquestionably, “Don’t be silly!” What person or system ever has “lasted”, whatever that vague term means? Certainly no one knows this better than Mussolini, all his life a student of men and governments. No man of action can know his most significant and enduring acts unless, as Napoleon was, he is for some reason made to cease action and become a philosopher. But if Mussolini is ever given this opportunity he will at the very least be able to answer this question as Napoleon answered it. “Roads . . . harbors . . . revived industries . . . water-supplies . . . the restoration of public monuments . . . agriculture . . .” And perhaps much more!

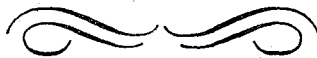
Question No. 2 is, as usual, “Isn’t he terribly ambitious?” To which, regretting that we have no more modern phrase as apropos, we reply “So’s your old man.” For if it’s ambitious to begin in early youth to study your country’s problems; to find, after untiring search and bitter experience, what seems, to a majority of your countrymen, a solution; to have the initiative to undertake the application of that solution, and the courage and endurance to carry it on

in the face of conditions which make you the world’s worst insurance risk — yes, Mussolini is ambitious. Personally we prefer to use a term that is less associated than ambition with self-seeking. Aspiration, perhaps?

And now for goofy question No. 3. “Isn’t he a great actor?” If by the word actor you mean, as so many people do, a mountebank, No! But if by actor you mean a man who so thoroughly knows human nature that he can exact the desired response from it as an artist does from his chosen instrument — yes — *yes* — YES! And when more of our public men are great actors in that sense we will have infinitely more interesting politics.

GRANTING that, to quote Napoleon again, Washington could be Washington in America but to be Washington in France he must be Napoleon, it is possible that Mussolini could be Mussolini only in Italy at this particular moment. But whenever a man measures up to the moment for which he was created, it is bound to be impressive. When it takes place on such a grand scale as this it is, to us, a magnificent spectacle; and one to go down on one’s knees and thank Heaven, fasting, for.

But *take off your gloves!* Because you never know.



Holly Leaf and Copper Plate

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

Taking up the Christmas card business in a more or less serious way, one discovers therein a quaint history and some quite phenomenal facts and figures

More joys for your Christmas
Than words can convey,
And then a lot more
For New Year's Day.

YOU have just written the address as beautifully as may be; you have attached the stamp, and moistened the flap of the granite-grey envelope. Unfortunately, you have seized upon this crucial moment for the reading of the engraved verse, and you pause before pressing down the irrevocable seal. So far as the naked eye can see, there is nothing definitely wrong with the four lines. Due reverence seems to have been paid to the grammar, and, in any case, the fact that this is Poetry and not Prose would excuse a minor defect. But about the words themselves, about the metre, about the rhyming, there hangs a certain flavor which gives you pause. You cannot say definitely whether this flavor is the result of a limping muse, or of an insufficiently virile inspiration, or whether it is simply the distilled essence of half a dollar a line. You wonder whether to moisten the rapidly-drying flap again, or whether to throw the thing away.

You moisten the flap. Everybody does.

And everybody means everybody. The Christmas card is largely a five-and ten-cent article; if any considerable number of human beings less than everybody went in for the sport, the industry could not succeed in attracting the enormous sums it does each year from the holiday shopper.

SOMETHING like fifty-five millions of dollars were spent this year, and last year, and will be spent next year, for the lithography, chromography, engraving, etching, parchment reproducing, multicolor printing, and paint-gun squirting, which goes into these inky messages of joy. It is an all-year-round business, which, strangely enough, knows no dull season, and which employs at least five thousand workmen straight through from the first of January to the end of the year. Between thirty-five and forty factories work twelve months out of each twelve for the preparation of the next big problem to harass the post office; the cards for one Christmas are designed before those for the Christmas before are on the market, and the print-

ing experts employed by the trade slave over snow-and-star scenes of December while it is yet the middle of August. That you and your fellows might delight the hearts of your friends with chilly pictures of Christmas cheer, many hundreds of able-bodied men were forced to labor the usual numbers of hours per day. But don't attempt to do anything about it. The workmen don't object at all; my only point is that everybody must use the cards in order for the creation, maintenance, and future growth of such an industry to be at all possible.

IT is a constant marvel that so great a business should have grown from so tenuous and slender a thing. A greeting is, after all, a word; and in all the world there is nothing, so the thinkers say, less substantial than a word. A word of joy — and the heads of these forty factories were able to found fortunes and erect walls upon it; to establish family names and to create wealth by its magic; to make idle men busy and hungry men satisfied. One is tempted to come out with the ordinary cliché — only in America. But it is not a case of only in America; our English cousins are as greatly immersed in the thing as we. Over in England, as far back as in 1882, one firm alone paid the sum of seven thousand pounds to its artists for original designs, and, in fact, until the World War made the importation impossible, most of the rag-pulp holiday cheer dispensed in this country through the mails had come to us from the nation which made Merrie Christmas famous. The twist in human nature which makes it demand the wretched verse and appalling ornamentation of these cards is one

which cannot be put down as purely Yankee; it is a great shame and the loss of a tremendous opportunity. People like them; all people like them; and remarkable things have come from the liking.

FOR each of the forty firms engaged in the production of Christmas greeting cards is in a perpetual state of fear. Designs are kept secret until it is too late for any of them to be copied in time for the current demand; artists are offered fees, not only to work for one firm, but to refuse to work for the other thirty-nine; and poets are cajoled to turn their muses to the recurrent problem of I-wish-you-joy. To think of strong men meeting in solemn counsel in an appointed place on the seventeenth of June to decide what cards shall be issued on the ninth of November; to observe the plight of the poor artist in water-colors as he slaves to get just the right glow to the log-fire while it is so hotly July that he must work in a perpetual inner bath of cooling drinks or not at all; to contrast the immense seriousness of those making the cards with the thoughtlessness of those buying them, is to make as interesting a study as is anywhere possible. A word — simply a word. In the beginning man said: "I wish you cheer"; and now the wheels are turning and the smoke is rising from the stacks. Designs are made, used, discarded; made, used, discarded — one can easily believe the story of the man who has made a collection comprising some 730 volumes, weighing six and one-half tons, and containing over 163,000 varieties. For when serious men turn their attention to the serious, much will come of it; when they turn their at-

tention to the trivial, even more will be created. The cards are trivial, but that which has come from them is not trivial. Even the delicate and dangerous field of foreign relations and the customs has been touched upon, for, to protect this mewling industry, there is now a forty-five per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imports.

SINCE the industry is big business, it must, of course, use the methods of big business. It is difficult to realize, as you stand there with the moistened flap of the envelope in one hand and the rest of it in the other, how great an organization is behind your greeting to your cousin or your favorite aunt. At the proper holiday time of the year actors are hired to pose for advertisements, telling the citizens how happy it makes them to receive greeting cards, and books of greeting-card etiquette are issued by the Greeting Card Association, telling when and where and how to use the things. A publicity staff is constantly at work popularizing the handsomely etched expression of good will, and the attempt is made, after the manner of the mouth wash people, to make you think yourself a feverish yellow cur if you do not invest each December in seven dollars' worth of assorted glue and ink and paper. *Aut greeting card, aut nullus*; and it is never *nullus*. Because, as I have said, everybody uses them.

Think of this, the next time you start to revise your list of Christmas greetees. The rise from the production of a few dollars' worth of Christmas cards to the amount which only fifty-five millions will purchase was accomplished in this country in a very moderate number of years. The total

history of the Christmas card, in fact, does not cover more than one hundred Yule days. It is said that a Thomas Shorrocks, of Leith, was the inventor. He printed a laughing face, with the motto, "A GUDE YEAR TO YE." This was sometime in the early eighteen-forties, and it was not until 1846 that the work of this unwitting founder of the execrable comic card was followed by more serious endeavor. In that year Sir Henry Cole caused to be printed one thousand cards, beautifully engraved, with two side panels, one depicting the feeding of the hungry, the other the clothing of the naked, and with a central plate showing a merry family lifting wine glasses filled to the brim with holiday cheer. This card, too, aroused very little excitement, but it did manage to stir up notice when it was reissued in 1881 with the first Christmas-card use of the phrase, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It seems that the later year was much less tolerant than the one which had gone to its cheerful end some thirty-five years before, for the temperance people objected to the card as vicious, on the ground that it might tempt the weak and sin-loving to indulge too freely in wine-bibbing. The records fail to state whether or not this protest had any weight; certainly it had no influence in checking the publication of hundreds of other cards with similarly convivial plates.

FROM the beginning the printers realized their obligation to put the finest of their work into these pallid messages of good will. After 1882 members of the Royal Academy frequently deigned to design cards for Christmas. All the developments of

the related arts of fine engraving, etching, color printing, lithography and chromography were the handmaidens of the craft. It is perhaps unfortunate that not quite so much intelligence as skill went into the productions. It seems that the makers had a deep predilection for classical models, and *Punch* found it necessary to caricature some of the common designs showing lightly-clad girls shivering in the snows of the British Christmas. It may have been this which instituted the first of a long series of contests for new designs, in which thousands were distributed year after year to fortunate prize winners. In 1884 the booklet card reared its head, and it is with us yet. The public took to it at once. On its heels came the comic cards, the trick cards, the frosted cards, and, in the redundant 'nineties, the card with the smooth silk fringes, apex of elegance, and positive pinnacle of taste.

THE official motto of the Greeting Card Association of America is: "SCATTER SUNSHINE WITH GREETING CARDS." It is a good motto and a worthy one, but it must become a little tiresome to the saleswoman after twenty weeks of explaining that the forty-five cent card cannot be sold at less than the price of the twenty-five cent card, and that really, after all, the best is none too good when it comes to the holidays and to the proper remembrance of one's friends and family.

The best is none too good, and the best serves a double purpose. For Christmas habits have changed greatly during the last few years. Forty-five cents may seem a little high for a card, but when the card goes, no gift

goes with it. It used to be that nearly everyone sent nearly everyone else something substantial for Christmas, but these days the motto is, Gifts for the Family, Cards for the Friends.

NO LESS an authority than the head of a famous gift shop in New York has made this statement. He says that the Christmas card is taking the place of the Christmas gift, and that the card is becoming a more important factor of each holiday's selling. This may lead to a new development in time. If one is to send a card instead of a gift costing several dollars, one may expect the rise of a new kind of card, costing something like the gift price itself. Half-dollar and dollar cards are not unusual; what the future will hold only the future will say. And the future, in the physical embodiment of the publicity bureau of the Greeting Card Association, is not saying anything as yet. We can only lick the usual flap, and wait.

And the spectacle to be observed while we are waiting might perhaps be called a melancholic one. A big department store has, through its regular full-page advertisement, served notice to the public of its usual sale on Christmas cards. It seems that it is about to sell one dozen beautiful assorted cards, with the requisite envelopes, for twenty-five cents. Come early and make a good selection.

If one comes a little bit later than early, one finds it difficult to make any selection at all. As far as the eye can reach down the mammoth corridors of the store, embattled femininity is in action. The store has wisely provided three tables instead of one for the display of the cards, but all three are

swamped, dwarfed, hidden, and overwhelmed by the bargain hunters. Friends must be remembered, families cheered, mail men given extra pay for overtime — and twenty-five cents a dozen is so small a price! The floor walker is tearing his hair because the sale of Christmas cards is impeding the holiday movement of neckties, and the third minor vice-president in charge of greeting cards is wearing a vast expansive smile. Friends must be remembered; friends must be remembered; scatter sunshine with greeting cards — and all for twenty-five cents the dozen, with envelopes.

THE very completeness of the exploitation is revelatory of something extremely worth while. It is too late in the Twentieth Century to speak of such things as human kindness and natural sentimentality. But it is not too late to speak of color, and of the need for the charming gesture. In the word "color" and in the phrase "charming gesture" lies the key to the situation. The sending of a card is a charming gesture, once we get down to its essentials; and if personal taste is not expressed in the actual choice of the card, it is indicated in the wholeheartedness with which the process of buying and sending is followed by its professors. Of course we are buncombed by a publicity bureau. To be sure, we are being bamboozled into a calm acceptance of the very recent card as a very old tradition. There is no doubt that we are behaving like sheep, and that we glory in following the bell-wether. But none the less, there is something of the spirit in which the old kings sent out their heralds at Yuletide, in the buying of

the card, in the sealing of the flap, in the affixing of the stamp, in the mailing.

AND mingled with the first romance, if you will, is a second one. Hold the flap in your hand, as you were doing at the beginning of this piece. And then think — think of the literary career which may very well have been founded upon the composition of the little verse in your hand; think of the artistic career, of a life made happy, which very likely followed upon the acceptance of the design; think of the midnight vigils which went into the making of the plate for your card; think of the joy which came to the maker when he found he had accomplished something new and good, and stolen a march on the other expert accomplisshers; think of the Greeting Card Association, made happy through your purchase of the inky tid-bit; and think, finally, of the thrill of mystery and joy which will accompany the opening of the envelope in the home of your respected aunt — think, and seal the flap.

The poem may limp. The card may be a little gaudy. The granite paper may be a little too violently granitish. But, after all, you are own cousin to the king and his heralds, and — *noblesse oblige*. The verse goes:

Here comes a card of wishes
The very best I own
To make this Christmas season
The best that you have known.

To your delicate ear the lines do not quite attain to the inevitability of all great literature. But, *pouf!* as the good Frenchmen say. The chances are ten to one your respected aunt will never read them, anyway.

Why South Americans Fear Us

BY L. L. BERNARD

A distinguished Professor of Sociology finds our Latin American neighbors distrusting the United States more bitterly than ever and turning to Europe for sympathy

AS A people we are profoundly distrusted by the Spanish-Americans and, by large portions of them, cordially disliked with an intensity never before equalled among them. I am aware that there are many North Americans, and some South Americans, who would minimize this statement, but a considerable residence south of the Equator convinces me that it is true. It is difficult for a stay-at-home American to imagine the furor that was caused throughout Latin America by the United States sending Marines to Nicaragua to support the Diaz régime. The men in high places and the university professors for the most part merely shrugged their shoulders and smiled their cynical smiles, perhaps remarking, "Of course; that is now an old story." But the masses of the people, led by politicians and agitators, met in huge crowds in the streets and public places, listened to fiery denunciations of North American imperialism, and shouted themselves hoarse in hatred of "the great Colossus of the North". They were profoundly convinced that our Government could have no good motive in

meddling in Central American affairs.

POSTERS in large numbers appeared on the walls of buildings in Buenos Aires, where I was then residing, calling upon the people to awaken and to defend their endangered liberties against the advancing butcher and devastator. For weeks the chief theme of the cartoon makers was the bullying of weaker nations in Latin America by "Uncle Sam," who wore habitually the dollar mark on his hat or his body. Sometimes he was pictured as a bloody assassin, with a gory dripping knife, and again as a slave driver with his whip. Nowhere did I find any friendly attitude toward my country.

My work was greatly impeded by the chilliness of the atmosphere, even when nothing was said to me personally to indicate the feelings of the people toward the United States. I was warned repeatedly by my Argentine friends not to go to the street meetings, lest overenthusiastic Radicals should vent their hatred for North Americans on my head. The Radical press threw out columns of emotional froth about endangered liberties, and the menace of North

American aggressions. When once I ventured to remark, by way of explanation, that the anti-imperialists in South America would probably get better coöperation from the Liberals of the United States if they did not lump all North Americans together as rank imperialists, but recognized that a large minority, if not a majority, of the American people did not approve of the Nicaraguan policy of our Government, a young university professor exclaimed in ire: "The Liberals of the United States — where are they? Everybody knows that they count for nothing in their own country. We must look to ourselves for defense and form no alliances with our enemies!" I was told I must be out of my mind to make such suggestions, and I think that from that moment on the young Radical Intellectuals regarded me as either a spy or at least as a "good will" visitor, which in their mind is not so very different.

IN MY more than a year's residence south of the Equator I had found the Latin Americans very friendly and sympathetic. I had come to know intimately many of the leading public men and scholars, and had been on good terms with numerous laboring men. This fiery outburst, revealing as it did a strongly repressed, seething grievance within, an accumulated distrust and even hatred of the "Colossus of the North", was something of a surprise.

Such feelings of antagonism toward us on the part of the Latin Americans have not always existed. There was a time when practically all of Latin America looked upon "La Gran Republica del Norte" as their guide and

protector. In no country was this truer than in Argentina itself. I have examined most of the historical and political literature of that country and have been profoundly impressed with the admiration, the almost worshipful attitude, taken toward our country a few generations ago.

THE great Sarmiento, President of Argentina from 1868 to 1874, spent several years in the United States in the 'sixties. In fact he was elected President while still in this country. He was the close personal friend of Horace Mann and of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a great admirer of Lincoln. Many years before he had helped model his country's Constitution after that of the United States. Now, as President, he imported North American teachers and educational theories into Argentina. He established normal schools with North American directors to train Argentine teachers. He made Argentina as much like the United States as possible. This policy was carried on by his successors for many years. But after 1900 the expression "the Great Republic of the North" began to change to "the Colossus of the North", and the newer generation of politicians faced eastward toward Europe, instead of northward. The days of worship were over. First came doubt, then suspicion, and finally conviction that the "Colossus" was no longer the friend of Latin America. What caused the change of front? Why are we now distrusted as cordially as once we were admired and imitated?

The causes of this growing distrust are, I think, of several kinds. In the first place, our history is against us. The Latin American school children

know a great deal more than ours about our early policies regarding Cuba and Mexico. Their history textbooks do not neglect, as ours do, the various political intrigues before and after the Civil War for the absorption of Cuba and Mexico and for the erection of their territory into States of the Union. While our children have never heard of the Walker plot to annex Cuba, and have been confined in their textbooks to a description of the Mexican War campaigns, the Latin American child reads all about the political machinations which precipitated this war so little to our credit.

BUT it was our invasion of Cuba and the Spanish-American war which finally turned the tables against us. Up to that time Spain had been regarded with distrust, often with hatred, by Spanish American leaders. But with the war one of those ironical events in history happened. Spain, the loser, was glorified and we, the conquerors, became the heritors of the distrust formerly heaped upon Spain. Several circumstances contributed to this remarkable change of front. The old adage that "blood counts" was illustrated here once again. We had been admired as the champions of democracy, but after all the Spanish people were members of the same cultural family. Their former disagreements with Spain were in the nature of family quarrels which might be settled again at any time, especially when adequate pressure arose from without. Our conquest of Cuba afforded that external pressure. By virtue of the conquest we were confirmed in their eyes as an imperialistic nation. We were exploiting a people of

their own blood, religion, culture, for the sake of world empire. The Cubans struggling for independence were forgotten. Men remembered Mexico and began to wonder if their turn would not come soon.

ALL of these suspicions were helped out, if not actually planted, by skillful Spanish propaganda. I have read in the South American libraries many contemporaneous books and pamphlets, by Spanish teachers in the universities and by the editors of Spanish newspapers, making propaganda — sometimes subtle, sometimes bold and directly accusatory — against the North American policy in Cuba and in favor of Spain. For a long time Spanish America depended upon Spain for many of her university professors and journalists, and Spanish business men frequently resided in South America. It was easy for them to carry on their propaganda. Besides, after 1860 there had been a strong immigration from Spain and now the children of these immigrants, usually as loyal to Spain as their fathers, were often coming into political preferment and were getting into the universities and on the staffs of the journals and into high places in the churches. Also, the age of romance and revolution was passing. The "bleeding" Cuban revolutionists, who so strongly excited our sympathies in 1898, made but little appeal to the grandsons of those revolutionists on the mainland of South America who had won their independence from Spain three generations earlier.

Today the Spanish reconquest of South American public opinion is almost complete. Every movement of the Spanish court and every policy of the Spanish Government are detailed

in their leading dailies with almost as much fullness as we give to our own Governmental affairs. One reads in South America much more about the personal affairs and interests of King Alfonso than we do about the Coolidges here. If some South American is received at the Spanish court, it becomes a major item of news. Spanish books and journals are as common as their own. They know practically nothing of our literature.

BUT it is our recent history and policies which have done most to hasten this facing eastward of the South Americans and to deepen their distrust of our motives. Suspicion has grown into certainty as they have watched our behavior in Panama, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua. The very silence with which we have carried on these "pacifications" has been against us. The South Americans wanted to know what we were up to, and we said little or nothing, and even that rather evasively. This caused them to believe that our motives would not bear explanation. Roosevelt's defiant statement that he "took" Panama may have excited their admiration for his boldness, but I know from many conversations I have had with South Americans that it left a very cynical impression as regards the future policies of the United States. One frequently hears the opinion from their leading publicists that North American imperialism is inevitable. Over and over again I have heard the half-resigned, half-resentful, but always fatalistic expression, "It is manifest destiny. The great Colossus must grow at the expense of her smaller neighbors. History repeats itself." One of these men, a great

power in the intellectual and public life of Argentina, said to me wearily: "Moral arguments will do no good. No one ever yet in the history of the world listened to humanitarian or ethical arguments in the face of economic interest. We must simply learn to trust in ourselves and try to grow strong. Then, maybe, we can defend ourselves."

The most pessimistic fears of the South Americans find much encouragement from European propagandists of all nations. Since we went into the war to save democracy and West European interests, none of our Allies have loved us. A North American can feel this antagonism everywhere from European visitors in South America. Almost nowhere could I get in contact with those of recent Spanish descent. Everywhere the French, as is their custom, in the same sentence mingled words about the glory of France and the money madness and moral depravity of the United States. One of our bankers in South America told me that constantly he had to face all sorts of political propaganda from the English, designed to aid them in their economic competition with the North Americans. He said this propaganda went high up in official British circles, higher than I am willing to say, because he warned me that he did not wish to be quoted.

THAT the South American Intellectuals believe this imperialistic conquest by our North American capitalists, backed by our Government, is real, may be evidenced by what an outstanding Government official and former professor in one of the universities said to me one night at dinner. Like most South Americans, when

they come to know you, he was very frank. I asked him what grounds there were, in his opinion, for the South American belief in the imperialistic aims of the United States. He replied, after some deliberation, that he thought there was little cause to fear political imperialism south of Panama, especially in the southern half of the continent, for a long time to come. Those countries were too far away, too populous and too prosperous for any country to undertake aggressive action against them under ordinary circumstances. But economic imperialism he regarded as a largely accomplished fact. He pointed out the rapid replacement of European by North American capital in various industries in his own country, which he said had gone less far than in Chile, Peru, and Bolivia. "Bolivia," he said, "has become practically a North American province, so far as capital is concerned. Almost all Bolivian industry is under the North American bankers' thumb." Whether his statements are correct I am unable to say, for I have not had access to the financial records respecting those countries. I quote his statement primarily to show what South Americans think and fear. Many of them welcome this "invasion" of capital, especially the Governments that wish to borrow. But, if my judgment is well informed, the vast majority of the thinking people fear it and resent it.

ANOTHER marked cause of the Latin Americans' distrust and dislike of us is their ignorance regarding us. The few who visit the United States stop at New York. Rarely do they penetrate into the interior, where more typical Americanism is to be found,

nor do they tarry long enough to understand us. They see our very obvious misrepresentations of themselves in the movies and in the newspapers, and resent it. They naturally are doubtful of our love for veracity and moral integrity after such an introduction. They are as ignorant of us as we are of them, but scarcely more so.

I HAVE seen some remarkable instances of this lack of understanding of us on the part of Latin Americans. I will cite only one instance, which is rather typical. Soon after my arrival in Argentina I called upon one of the leading educators in the country to obtain advice regarding the investigation I was carrying on. I found that this distinguished and highly educated man was as familiar with the culture of Europe, where he had resided parts of many years, as with his own country. It was a delight to converse with him about any topic connected with world problems and international culture. But when the conversation turned — as it very soon did — upon the United States, I found an ignorance so dense as to astonish me. Nowhere else had I found anything to compare with it, except in the ignorance of my own people regarding South Americans.

For more than two hours he talked, almost lectured, to me about my country, which he had never visited. He assured me that the North Americans had no culture to speak of, that we were interested only in money, display, divorces, and materialistic civilization; that we were imperialistic to the core; and he intimated that in our present psychosis we were a menace to the world. When I protested, in an endeavor to set him right, he only looked at me indulgently and reminded

me that in 1913 Germany would have made the same reply. He said the Germans believed themselves the carriers of the greatest culture in the world and were utterly astonished when they saw the whole world turn against them. "Who knows?" he exclaimed dramatically. "Such may be the fate of the United States. Today the most powerful nation of the world; tomorrow she may find herself distrusted, bankrupt in the good opinion of mankind, all hands turned against her!"

In these words he had uttered the typical cultivated Spanish American's judgment upon us.

OF COURSE, not all South Americans are so persistently distrustful of us. I met the attorney of one of our large corporations in Argentina who had only praise for our "great country". I found other men who at least refrained from expressing adverse opinions. One very influential man in the public welfare activities of the nation, who had spent eight years in the United States, admired greatly our civilization, although he deplored our politics. Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, and Bolivia are much more friendly toward us than the other South American countries. The same was formerly true of Chile, but recent misunderstandings threaten to turn the tide of opinion against us in that country also.

It is also true that there is much jealousy of our growth and power on the part of South American peoples. Some of this jealousy and envy is native and natural, but I believe much more of it has been skillfully fostered by the Europeans. The motives of Spain and those of the trading nations of Europe have already been

mentioned in this connection. Recently the Italians have also become a factor in the situation. They have every reason to dislike the Monroe Doctrine. Teeming Italy has already overflowed like a flood into some of the South American countries. These people are very patriotic, usually of low culture, and know how to prosper even in a desert. It suits the fancy of Mussolini to regard them as his subjects, no matter where they may settle. To this they are not themselves averse. The recent appeal of Mussolini for the South Americans to look to the Latin nations of Europe as their natural protectors is an excellent illustration of how little pleasure he and his people take in the Monroe Doctrine.

THE South American objection to the Doctrine, so far as I can discover, is two-fold. There is a conscious objection, the one that appears in print, to the effect that it is one-sided. They wish to share in it, to make it an all-American doctrine. As it is now stated, it seems to them the very dogma and constitution of our pan-American imperialism. Give them a voice in its formulation and administration, and they will feel that their interests are protected. I believe there is no fundamental objection in Latin America to the original principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Their own histories remind them abundantly of the duplicity and aggressive policies of the European nations. If now they tend to forget their history and turn toward Europe it is largely because they have come to fear us more than Europe. They feel strong enough to repel any European aggression by their own efforts. But we grow stronger constantly,

and, in their minds, less idealistic and friendly.

ONE of the things that irritate the Latin Americans most, I think, is our Anglo-Saxon silence about our motives in the South. The Latin always talks. He is of a convivial nature. What he says may have a double meaning, but at least the fact that he has spoken serves to relieve for the time being the tense feeling of expectancy. As I have read their literature, it seems to me that the one thing that throughout their history has baffled them most about the "Saxons," as they call the English and the North Americans, is their taciturnity about their own affairs. It is not that they fear the "Saxon" diplomacy, for the Latins are usually better diplomats. It is simply that they do not understand silence, it disconcerts them, lashes their keyed-up nervous natures into frenzy and resentment. It leads to all sorts of suspicions in their active, if not always analytical, minds.

One of our greatest possible diplomatic assets in Latin America would be to explain carefully to the world every political step we take in intra-American affairs. If our Government feels that its policies in Central America and elsewhere are obligatory and justified by necessity, it would do well to state its reasons meticulously. If our Government is convinced that the unsettledness and irresponsibility of some of the Latin American republics are a menace to international peace, let it say so in words not to be mistaken. The Latins are fundamentally a very frank people. Nowhere else have I heard public men speak so frankly and so sincerely of the defects of their political systems and of the political

incapacity of the masses of the people, as in South America. I have been astonished at the freedom with which they spoke of and condemned political graft and unbridled ambition among some of their leaders. I became convinced as a result of my sojourn there that speech is vastly freer in Latin America than in the United States. Self criticism is much more healthily developed. Of course this is not true in a few of the tyrant-ridden republics, but as a general characterization it is no exaggeration.

If we speak out frankly about our motives, and if the speech has the ring of truth in it, I believe there is little to fear. It is the hidden motives that excite suspicion. Of course our motives would have to be fair to them. We cannot expect approval if our policy is really one of aggressive imperialism, as they suspect. It is also necessary to make our actions conform to our professions. Generalities about humanitarian motives and actual political performances which constantly belie our platitudes are bad diplomacy.

PERHAPS the most important need of all is to get better acquainted. At the present time there is but little contact between North and South America. We are in closer touch with Central America and Mexico, largely because of the banana trade and the Panama Canal. Until recently there have been only two passenger steamship lines making the ports of eastern South America from the United States, and one of these is English. More than a score of lines ply regularly between Europe and the same southern ports. One North American steamer each week or ten days in contrast with an average of three or more European

steamers daily is the general rule for port entries. Men of broad cultural interests visit these countries from the United States so seldom as to be somewhat in the nature of curiosities. On the other hand, there is a constant interchange of leading scientists and literary men between Europe and South America. Every year men of international reputation like Glotz, the historian, Obermayer, the anthropologist, or Blondel, the psychologist, give courses of lectures in the universities of Buenos Aires and other South American cities.

I TRIED repeatedly, but without success, to induce one of our great Foundations, which is interested in friendly relations among the nations, to imitate the Europeans in this friendly diplomacy of culture. I even managed to negotiate preliminary arrangements for support from North American business interests in a great South American city for such a programme, provided this Foundation would lend the sanction of its name and bear a minor portion of the expense. But I received so little encouragement from the Foundation that I deemed it inadvisable to make the out-

lay in travelling expenses to put the matter before its administration in detail, and was forced to drop the proposal. Yet, when the Nicaragua difficulty was at its height, this same Foundation was reported by the South American press to have sent an international lawyer through Latin America, presumably on a friendly mission. A South American university professor spoke to me with considerable indignation about this. "Propaganda, forever propaganda!" he exclaimed. "Of course we shall be courteous and polite to him, but he will convince us of nothing."

IT IS TRUE that the European peoples are much more experienced and subtle in their diplomacy. When they send out good will visitors, they are never men with direct arguments, but invariably great scientists, writers, and artists, who establish friendly relationships and call forth attitudes of respect and gratitude for their peoples at home. With such gentle diplomacy, arguments are unnecessary, tactless. Truly we, as a Government and as a people, have much to learn with respect to the art of getting along with our neighbors.



What's Happening in Wall Street

BY H. W. MOORHOUSE

A prominent investment counsellor offers a readable study of the famous bull market and discusses the new economic era in America which it may portend

“GREAT man — Coolidge. Look what he did for the stock market. Can't help winning. Pick out any stock that sounds good, call up your broker, order, and then sit and watch it move.”

William Stebbins, like so many of his compatriots of this great land of promise, has just taken a “flier” in the market for the first time in his life — and has won. He is taking no chances on developing a complex through repression. His chief argument that a “bull” market has been going on in recent years runs something like this:

“Why, just think; if I'd staked \$10,000 on Blank Motors ten years ago, I'd have \$659,300 today — a 6,493 per cent. increase!”

He happens to be right — on the figures. One of the motors really did make such an increase. But his analysis of the Coolidge “bull” market is hardly commendable for its profundity.

When Dr. Geoffrey Godwin Doolittle, A.B., M.S., Ph.D., twenty-five years from now has dotted his last “i” in his thesis, *Stock Prices: Their Behavior in Cycles*, he probably will

have explained the financial phenomena of the last seven years as follows:

“A high rate of business activity, cheap money, and a plethora of gold — these are the major economic forces determining the rise of a stock price curve. When such favorable conditions exist, the behavior of prices is accelerated upward. That is exactly what happened in the Coolidge ‘bull’ market beginning shortly after 1921.”

TO WHATEVER economic forces may have caused the “bull” market, Mr. Stebbins is grateful, even if he doesn't know what they are. He simply accepts what the ticker gives him. Unfortunately, very often what the ticker can give the ticker can also take away. If this sad event should come, Mr. Stebbins would again not know what has happened to him. And since he cannot wait for Dr. Doolittle's thesis, it is the business of those who attempt to advise Mr. Stebbins and his fellows of Wall Street's new crop of investors to study and understand just what the “bull” market means.

What makes a “bull” market? Certain fundamental economic forces,

says Dr. Doolittle. A rise in prices, of course, says Mr. Stebbins; not realizing he is boasting of a result, not analyzing a cause. Both, in their way, contribute to a "bull" movement. But there is something more fundamental. However vital are analyses of the all-important "cycles" to economists; however spectacular are the antics of the "Century Club" and the "Double Century Club" — stocks selling at \$100 or \$200 or more — one dominating influence behind the present "bull" market, more so than in any previous "bull" market, has been overlooked.

IT is the mental attitude of chronic optimism, even in the face of conflicting economic conditions, of the millions of Wall Street's newcomers, that has been vitally creative in spurring the present market onward. When one considers that there are today, conservatively estimated, about 5,000,000 more Americans like Mr. Stebbins who own stocks and bonds and Governmental obligations, and that twenty years ago security investors in the United States numbered in the hundreds of thousands, the hidden power of this new mob psychology becomes more comprehensible. Only within so short a space of time as the last five years, the increase in owners of common shares shown by corporation reports has been estimated at over 1,000,000. Just as significant as our phenomenal business prosperity, just as momentous as our easily available credit in the form of cheap money, just as vital as the fact that the Federal Reserve Banks' vaults held billions more gold than was needed, has been the innate optimism of this huge new crop of

security holders who have been buying stocks and bonds and pushing their prices upward since the days when the "Coolidge bull market" was, so to speak, but a calf.

A NEW era of financial autocracy has begun. No longer do we see the picturesque pre-war cartoon of the "Wall Street magnate" who by some abracadabra magically whisks stock prices up and down at his will. Market leadership has been transferred from the individual to the group. It is now "the big ten", headed by Arthur Cutten of Chicago, or the Raskob-DuPont interests, or the motion-picture group, who are "running the market". It is they who furnish the genius of initiative and the wholesale financial backing necessary for present-day stock operations. But who is it that stands behind them, that furnishes the mass support? After all, a General must have an army to lead; a President a nation to guide. And the army or nation in this present instance is none other than the millions of small investors and operators, many of whom are getting their first stock market thrill.

The American citizen has had to stand for much that has gone under the title of education in recent years. He has been taught to become air conscious, radio conscious, service conscious, mechanization conscious, amid an innumerable variety of other "consciousnesses", intelligent and unintelligent. But the course in this particular variety of education which perhaps has benefited him most fundamentally is the one which has taught him to become stock-and-bond-conscious.

The war, with its sale of Liberty

Loan Bonds and employee stock owning in "war baby corporations" initiated him into the elementary course of stock and bond finance. The idea spread. Other corporations began giving their employees opportunity to purchase stocks in small amounts, paying for these investments out of their salaries. Customer-ownership campaigns were instituted, especially by public utility corporations. With little or no knowledge of its fundamental principles, the new American security holder had a taste of "high finance" — and liked it. Then began the "Coolidge bull market", the foregoing practices spread in a network over the whole country, interest in stocks and bonds increased by leaps and bounds, and the tribe of the security holder has been increasing ever since.

ESPECIALLY within the last year a new bumper crop of fledgling market operators has burst upon Wall Street. Prices soared. Rumors of huge profits from "fliers" spread the get-rich-quick contagion. Why bother about promises of a profit in a hazy tomorrow when immediate returns are so enticing? Why not just withdraw money from the savings bank, and become initiated?

"Depositors who, until a few weeks ago, only knew Wall Street as a name," said the president of a savings bank during the wild market of several months ago, "and who still have only the most elementary ideas as to the meaning of investment and speculation, are withdrawing the savings of years to buy securities on margins."

Speculation or investment — which shall it be? Because they did not know

the correct answer, many of the new operators had to swallow a bitter pill on June 12 when prices swooped downward. Many, in fact, were wiped out. They did not know that such reactions occur in the best of "bull" markets. They could not realize that speculation, even at its best, is a dangerous, risky thing, requiring much more cash than most of them had. Nevertheless, despite the many recent small, personal tragedies, one outstanding merit of the "Coolidge bull market" remains. The American citizen has become more educated to the handling of stocks and bonds. The increased number of security holders speaks for itself. Among the millions of them must be many who have learned the value of intelligent investment. These are the real backbone of our prosperity. It is their intelligent optimism which has helped along the rising current of prices; and as their numbers increase, it is they who will help guide our prosperity in the future.

IF MR. STEBBINS were interested in financial history, he would recall that the "Coolidge bull market" is rather old. It is, in fact, seven years old — a most unusual age for such a movement of prosperity. Beginning in 1921, it gradually began to creep, to crawl, to walk, to climb, and finally to scale the heights in the middle of last May and again in late summer and fall, when it used up forests of ticker tape making "new highs". Several times, to be sure, "sore spots" appeared — during short periods in 1923, 1925, 1926 and October, 1927. June 12, the date of this year's first reaction, has already gone down in financial history for its record-breaking sale of 5,200,000 shares, a new kind of "new high".

On July 11 came the second crash. On the last day of August the tables turned again. Prices soared up to and above the spring "highs." The bull recovered and continued charging.

Inside of those seven years, the popular appetite for buying stocks and bonds has grown to such gargantuan proportions that there seem to be scarcely means of satisfying it. The "outside public" has become the Wall Street broker's nightmare. He loses sleep trying to invent new and quicker ways of transferring the orders of Mr. Stebbins and his fellow countrymen over the country-wide network of wires operated by Stock Exchange institutions which have been strained to the limit. This year, of course, holds the record for stocks ordered. By October 1, 613,200,000, shares were reported to have been sold on the New York Stock Exchange. This figure already outstrips last year's new high record for the entire twelve months — 576,990,000.

Trading on the New York Stock Exchange during September was the heaviest in any month in the history of that institution. Over 90,900,000, shares were sold. This compares with over 84,900,000, shares in March, the previous record month.

A LONG with an unparalleled demand for securities has gone an unprecedented rise in security prices. For instance, the market value of all stocks listed on the Exchange rose from \$38,376,000,000 on January 1, 1927, to a new high level, \$49,736,000,000, on January 1, 1928 — an increase of \$11,360,000,000. This year's increase will far outdistance it. The most amazing increases, however, have been made in groups of stocks as a whole

and in individual stocks. An index of the average price of twenty industrial shares reveals that on October 1, 1916, the pre-war "bull market" year, their average price was \$102. By 1921 they had sunk to \$69. Then they began to climb. By 1923 they had reached \$83, by 1927 they were stepping merrily at \$168 and on October 1 of this year they had soared to \$203. A more representative group of thirty industrials rose from \$97 in October, 1926, to \$120.50 on October 1 of this year.

THE story repeats itself in other lines. The average price of twenty public utilities rose from \$103.50 on October 1 of last year, the so-called big "bull" year, to \$123.50 on October 1 of this year. Again, railroad shares have also made a tremendous jump since the days of 1921, when they were in worse shape than they had been for years. At that time, the average price of twenty rails showed \$74.50. In 1923 it rose to \$81 and since then it has practically kept in step with the rest of the market until on October 1 of this year it soared to \$148. This is far above their 1916 pre-war peak of \$110.

Not only stocks, but bonds also, have shown a similar but not such a spectacular fall and rise since the 1916 peak, when the average price of twenty bonds stood at \$88.50 on October 1. By 1921 they had sunk to \$74. They then started on the upward swing, reaching \$95 on the same day last year and receding to \$92 this year.

Millionaires have been made many times over with the unprecedented rise of certain individual stocks. Of a list of twenty well-known stocks which have increased from 600 to 6000 per cent. during the last ten

years, twelve famous names appear above the 1,000 per cent. mark with one outstanding motor stock heading the list with a 6,493 per cent. increase. No wonder our nation has gone stock-market mad.

WHAT concerns Mr. Stebbins least of all at present will offer an interesting anomaly to Dr. Doolittle twenty-five years hence. That anomaly has to do with the story of stock and bond interest yields since last December, and the high ratio of the price of a stock to its earning power. It may reflect the strong speculative inclination of Wall Street's new initiates who, many believe, are not wise enough to interpret the danger sign. But it is also a prediction of a new era in Wall Street finance.

Never before in financial history have stocks continued to sell at such a mad pace on a lower interest yield than bonds; never before have stocks as a whole been selling at prices so many more times their earning power.

This phenomenon, considered unusual and viewed with alarm at the time, started around last December. Industrial common stocks began commanding an average yield of 4.69 per cent. in face of an average industrial bond yield of 4.79 per cent. Since then the gap has narrowed and widened but has never been reversed. It widened especially around the careening market of last spring. In May the difference between bond and stock yields, for instance, was .45 per cent. in favor of the former. This wide chasm was almost reached again this last August, when bonds stood at 4.96 and stocks at 4.53 — a difference of .43 per cent.

Great is the contrast of present

conditions to past. Going back only so far as the beginning of last year, we find that industrial stocks were selling at a 5.64 per cent. interest yield while industrial bonds offered a yield of only 4.87 per cent. Going back still farther — to 1920 — the contrast is even stronger. At that time industrial stocks yielded on the average 7.50 as against 6.01 for bonds.

WHEN John J. Raskob announced during last spring's rising market that General Motors shares should sell at 15 times their earning power, or in the neighborhood of \$225, conservative Wall Streeters shook their heads in doubt. The stock had just reached a "new high" of \$180, or twelve times current earnings. Time, however, has backed up Mr. Raskob's judgment. During the last week of September, General Motors touched \$218. This is but a reflection of what has gone on with most of the list. The ratio of price to earnings has recently been steadily increasing. At the end of 1926, for instance, shares of thirty outstanding companies were selling 10.1 times their earnings. By 1927 the ratio jumped to 14.5. This year promises another increase. This means that the net income return has been noticeably on the decline. In 1926 the same thirty outstanding shares had a net income return of 9.9 per cent. By 1927 it dropped to 6.89 per cent. This year it most likely will decline still further.

What does this mean? Present speculation is excessive, say many financial authorities, including Leonard P. Ayres, Vice-President of the Cleveland Trust Company.

"Stocks are now selling on expectation rather than on realization," he said in his address before the recent

convention of the American Bankers' Association, which was so much concerned with the present "speculative frenzy".

THAT the element of speculation is an important factor in the present market is doubtless true. But is it not also possible that there is a more fundamental cause, that a new era of stock and bond financing has begun? In recent years the new crop of investors has learned to place more faith in the stock. Industry has learned that it can raise capital more easily through a new stock issue than through the issuance of bonds, that investors are now more willing to place their money in a stock with a low yield but with a promise of a rise in price to make up for the higher yield of a bond. The enlightened investor, who represents the real backbone of business prosperity, is also not so easily frightened into selling; and as his numbers increase, so naturally will the demand for stocks become ever greater. Perhaps what seemed normal in the recent past will become a matter of normal occurrence in the near future.

For we have been passing through a unique "bull" market into a new economic era. Vaulting easily over economic precepts formerly considered impregnable, stock prices kept on soaring despite high bond yields and low stock yields, despite record-breaking money rates, despite several mild business depressions, despite the exportation of hundreds of millions of gold. On the other hand, we have also had at various periods — in Dr. Doollittle's words — a high rate of business activity, a plethora of gold, and cheap money. But although any one of these

vitaly creative factors has been lacking at times in the last seven years, a fact which would have seriously crippled any earlier "bull" market, this particular market has swept on upward.

Our new national prosperity as a whole has been unparalleled. Some, indeed, have called it a "profitless prosperity" because so many corporations show such a small margin of profit in comparison with the high volume of business and because of the now well-established practice of hand-to-mouth buying. However, prosperity is no longer measured by the yardstick of an overloaded store-room; and the fact that many corporations have recently added to the item "Cash" in their balance sheets the words "and call money" seems to answer the accusation of profitlessness. The truth is that a large number of corporations have accumulated excess earnings to such an extent that they can, with a reasonable assurance of safety, afford to place this extra money at the disposal of Wall Street operators, and, in turn, earn more money. Whether this practice is beneficial to our national welfare is, of course, highly questionable. But the fact remains that big business has been earning more money than it can comfortably handle.

PRESENT conditions in both industry and finance warrant patient optimism. Despite high money rates, a true credit stringency exists only when bank reserves are at the point of exhaustion. On the surface, many declare this is the condition today. But within the Federal Reserve system bank reserves are elastic. This elasticity will find expression in the

last billion of gold reserves of post-Coolidgean prosperity.

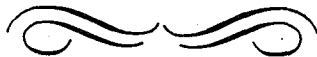
The history of our country's gold stock is substantially the history of our national prosperity and depression, and the history of our national prosperity and depression is the history of stock prices. Growing stocks of monetary gold have brought prosperity and rising stock prices; declining gold resources have precipitated depression.

SINCE 1921 we have both accumulated and lost much gold. We are now, in fact, down to our "last billion." But this billion held by the Federal Reserve Banks will support, at the theoretical maximum, nearly thirty billions of bank credit. Since the total bank credit of the country is only something over fifty billions, there is obviously no danger of any immediate shortage of bank funds. Industry and the stock market have ample provision for credit for some time to come. And as industry continues to expand — as it will, though perhaps more gradually — it will appeal to the intelligent investor for support. The latter will, in turn, demand good, sound securities of the former.

For the investor is with us to stay, no matter in which direction stock market prices go. The speculator is at best but a transient. He comes and goes with speculative ups and downs. But Liberty Loans, employee stock

participation and customer ownership have taught the prudent American citizen a lesson — to invest for safety, for diversification, for income and growth of principal. He looks far ahead and buys future purchasing power and financial independence for himself and his family. Our national prosperity may have increased the numbers of both investors and speculators in unprecedented fashion, but it is the investor of the future, not the speculator, who will be the prop and mainstay of coming industrial expansion.

OUR new industrial revolution is probably just passing through its most turbulent period. American industry has been stepping over the threshold into a new era of expansion. It has been stimulated by an abundance of capital and by countless new mechanical, electrical and chemical developments. It is also in an era of keen competition resulting in the elimination of the weaker companies and consolidation and integration of the stronger, better managed organizations. The future looks bright, but quieter, for industry must settle down to this newness to assimilate and apply it. This will take time. And the American citizen must become used to his new financial freedom and learn to invest his money intelligently. There is much hope for Mr. Stebbins.



"Safety Last!"

BY JOHN TILGHMAN ROWLAND

Late Lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F.

One of the dramatic tales, that could not be told during the war, of the exciting life on an American destroyer convoying the "Leviathan" with troops through the submarine zone

YOU will find, gentlemen, that the motto of this Service is *Safety Last.*" Thus William Snowden Sims, to twenty newly fledged officers fresh from the Special Training Course.

We were the first of a new brew of "citizen sailors"; nothing quite like us had ever been known before. In the guise of yachtsmen and small boat sailors we had probably seen more of wind and wave than most naval officers of our age. The United States Naval Academy had given us ten weeks of intensive training and shipped us overseas to help "win the war" as best we could. At Queenstown, where we arrived in October, 1917, we had the privilege of reporting to Admiral Sims in person. He received us in his cabin on the old *Melville*, mother ship to the destroyers which made that port their base, and gave us a talk as memorable as it was brief. Officers were badly needed. The Fleet could spare him no more. We would not be coddled; our duties would be trying to the *n*th degree, but he had faith in us and looked to us to give the Regulars a

surprise. We were to do our damndest, and keep a stiff upper lip.

A great commander, that, and a rare leader of men; not one of us but would gladly have followed him to glory, or to the bottom of the sea.

We came out of his cabin with our heads high and our feet scarcely touching the deck. Then we were distributed among the Flotilla, one to a ship, where another sort of greeting was in store. Our new shipmates viewed us with an interest not un-mixed with misgiving: it could scarcely be otherwise when a lot of rank amateurs were inducted into an arduous and highly technical phase of modern naval war.

MY POSITION on the *Wilkes* was that of a very green "makee-learn", and as such I found little opportunity or occasion for self-expression. My stateroom was about eight feet by five and the wardroom, which I shared with the other officers, was about the size of a living room in a small city apartment. There was plenty of room out on deck, but it was

so cluttered with stacks, hatches, torpedo tubes, guns and other obstructions that in the whole 300 feet of ship there was scarcely a place where one could take ten steps without dodging. The best spot was on the bridge. There one had a sense of mastery that extended beyond the ship herself to the whole sweep of ocean, but usually the weather was so bad that one could not see beyond the third gray topped sea.

We carried five officers and a crew of one hundred men. On a full-power run we could do thirty knots. Our time was divided between patrolling and escort duty, and we would be at sea a week or more at a stretch.

IT WAS while escorting the *Leviathan* to Liverpool on what I believe was her first trip with troops that we got the hardest drubbing of the winter. This happened just before Christmas, when the weather off the Irish Coast was particularly vile. We slipped to sea — six long, sneaky-looking hulls painted in imitation of futuristic nightmares — and ripped through the great storm seas on our course to the destroyer rendezvous at 20 West. There were a number of these meeting points, mere geographical positions hundreds of miles west of Ireland, each indicated by a single common English word. It was the most secret code we had. On this occasion, we were required to meet the "*Levi*" at, let us say, Mule, and the distance was sufficient to make us hustle in order to be there on time.

Where other ships go over a sea, a destroyer slices through it, for she is only some thirty feet wide by eleven deep, which for her length of more than 300 feet is little enough. As a consequence she behaves like a knife

blade, riding on edge. A southeast gale was blowing, as usual, which rolled us till our decks stood nearly perpendicular to their normal plane. On the weather roll sometimes a sea would sweep across our ship and bury her under a ferment of yeasty foam which reminded us, perhaps unpleasantly, of last night's stoup of ale at the Queen's Arms bar. It was not uncommon to see the keel of a sister ship abeam as she took an especially savage roll. But always she came back, so that a few seconds later we would be looking down her stacks. Such antics were trying to the nerves and even more so to the stomach. The only thing they did not seem to trouble was the ships themselves.

THE formation we used going out was that of scouting line, ships abreast and separated from one another by a distance depending upon the visibility. In fairly clear weather this might be several miles, and the escort as a whole would span twenty miles or so from flank to flank. This was done in the hope of surprising an unwary Hun, but I never knew it to succeed, though once, curiously enough, when we were steaming in "column ahead", the last ship in the procession stumbled upon and sank one that had come up to breathe. The aggressor in this case was a little Limey — *i.e.*, British sloop-of-war — assigned to our division, and she had fallen so far astern of her position that Fritz doubtless believed the entire escort had passed.

With the coming of darkness — early in those latitudes in midwinter — all the boats were called in and formed in column behind us. There were no lights and no sounds, save the roar of wind and the swash of seas.

This was the kind of night when it was unpleasant to run foul of a big inward-bound convoy. Sometimes we would find ourselves in the midst of one before we knew it — a collection of twenty to thirty tramp steamers spread over several miles of ocean. Why more ships were not run down and sunk is hard to say, unless it was that we destroyer people developed some sort of psychic feelers that served us in place of eyes.

The weary watches of the night wore on while our bridge, partly sheltered by its weather cloths, seemed the only substantial (if somewhat unstable) thing in a chaotic world. Down forward in the officers' quarters an oil-skinned quartermaster pounded on a door with the announcement: "Quarter to four, Mr. Jones. Blowin' hard from the southeast an' pourin' rain. Mr. Webb says you better dress warm an' wear sea boots."

And the relief officer would grunt a "Very well, thank you!" which he was far from feeling, as he prepared to quit the snug security of his bunk. But, oh, how good the five o'clock coffee, the first brew of the day, fresh and fragrant from the cook's galley beneath the bridge! It almost repaid one for turning out at four.

THE morning following our departure from Queenstown dawned raw and cold. The wind had backed into southeast, which was a bad sign. Sea and sky were lead gray and a whipping breeze failed to clear the mist which reduced visibility to a radius of perhaps two miles. Everything one touched was wet; even the wind was wet and the heavens were aqueous vapor; in all the universe there seemed no solid thing. Mist swept past in

eerie streamers, nebulous and changeful of shape, or rushed upon us in banks of cotton wool. The ocean, with a young sea from southeast running across the old southwest swell, abandoned all sense of rhythm and served us pyramids, domes, Alpine ranges and mesas, all fluid and melting, each form into the next, without rest or an instant's pause. Our ship plunged, rolled and twisted; she lay now on this beam, and the next instant on that, throwing herself about like a fever patient or a soul on the Devil's grid. To us on board it was somewhat trying. One moved about, when motion was necessary, as much by the arms as by the legs, and it was all one's bones were worth to loose hold for even a fraction of a second. This constant and violent motion produces a fatigue of the nerves, until one learns to adjust one's bodily position automatically and busy the mind with thoughts of other things.

IT WAS too rough that day to hold a drill of any sort, but at some time during the forenoon the division formed scouting line in obedience to our signal. We were entertained by their antics, speeding to take up position, until each ship in turn faded out in the mist — all, that is, but the one next to us on either side, which remained barely within sight.

The purpose of this deployment was to reduce as much as possible the risk of the *Leviathan* slipping past us unseen, a very easy thing to do when ships are approaching one another in thick weather at high speed. With big mercantile convoys, the danger was not so great, since they occupied a considerable area, but a single ship makes a small mark. We had perforce gone without observations since leav-

ing our base; moreover, the "*Levi*" had an Admiral on board, so that a failure to make contact was certain to be our fault (!) Actually we felt quite sure of our position, and it was perhaps no great compliment to the *Leviathan's* navigator that our C. O. should lay a snare he could not slip through.

Noon passed. Our big searchlight flashed a signal to the division to reduce speed lest we reach the rendezvous too soon. We had the wind now right on our stern, a rising gale out of the east, blowing doggedly in true British style. It was well enough on *this* course, but running into it would be quite another thing. We knew that the "*Levi*" was carrying troops and that nothing would please Fritz more than to sink her, the former crack liner of the German merchant navy, on this her maiden voyage under the American flag. Furthermore, so much secrecy had surrounded her coming that we dared not use our radio to get a check on her position; therefore, as the afternoon wore on and we came nearer and nearer to the rendezvous, an atmosphere of keen tension pervaded the ship.

Meanwhile the early darkness of midwinter descended upon the gale ridden sea, but the air cleared perceptibly and one could see further under the low clouds.

OUR captain had been for an hour on the bridge staring impatiently into the gathering dusk. Suddenly the navigator appeared: "According to our 4 p. m. position, sir, we should be at the rendezvous in 20 minutes."

Darkness was settling fast. In another half hour it would be impossible to make contact at all, since the use of lights was a cardinal sin. Possibly our

captain contemplated heading the escort eastward in an effort to keep abreast of the *Leviathan* during the night, with the hope of making contact when day dawned; but it was rather a slim hope without a knowledge of her course from this point on. There were a dozen different routes by which convoys approached the beleaguered British Isles, each carefully drawn in red on a very secret chart and designated through a special code. The Admiralty, which kept wonderfully close tabs on enemy submarines, was able by this means to shunt convoys around the chief danger areas, much as a railroad yardmaster routes a train to its destination through a congested terminal yard. It worked well — as a rule.

MINUTES passed and still no *Leviathan*. The navigator fidgeted a little, wondering if he had made some trifling but fatal slip to throw the escort off its course. The Old Man's jaw set grimly as he turned with an accusing glance at the bridge clock. But suddenly there went up a shout from the Officer of the Deck and the four lookouts, all at once. Looming out of the darkness ahead a great shape came rushing towards us, dwarfing the seas which tossed us about like a skiff. It was the *Leviathan*, on time to the dot and splitting the meeting point fairly in two. Indeed, had it been a little darker she might have run us down. A magnificent triumph of thick weather navigation.

We sheered off a little to let her pass, and sent the escort a low power radio to join up, since the flanking ships could not have seen her at all.

Once a convoy was met, the destroyers forming the escort assumed

the duty of seeing it through unscathed. To do this they took up positions, determined in advance for each particular convoy, not unlike a football interference in the days of the "flying wedge". This method of escort alone made it possible to build "the bridge to France" and incidentally to keep the British civil population from starving. A fairly substantial rumor gave credit for its inception to the Planning Section of Admiral Sims's staff. I can only say that by its means we on the boats were able to bring in our convoys, whereas previously the submarine war had been all Fritz's game. Indeed, in the fall of 1917 he was winning the war so fast at sea that in another three months land fighting would not have been possible, so far as Great Britain was concerned.

BUT to return to the "*Levi*." She did not seem to be going fast, looming ghost-like and huge through the mist, but when we turned about and tried to keep up with her we soon learned our mistake. To be sure, we had plenty of speed; but driving a ship like ours into that lump of head sea was punishment indeed. By eight o'clock it had grown so bad that our captain was forced to slow down. Solid water was crashing across our forecastle-head; it had smashed the heavy steel shield on the forward 4-inch gun and threatened at any moment to dish in the deck. The ship bent like a steel blade and the Liverpool pilot whom we had brought out to put aboard the *Leviathan* was so seasick he turned in all-standing in the Captain's bunk.

Meanwhile the *Leviathan*, quite oblivious of her escort's distress, maintained her speed. It looked as though

she would run away from us entirely. After hours of misery below decks, I was glad when at midnight my watch came. The Captain was still on the bridge peering into the night ahead.

"Have we lost her, sir?" I innocently asked.

He glowered at me for a few seconds; then he snapped: "If you can find that damned ship in your watch, I'll give you a *four*!"

That meant a perfect mark on my fitness report, and as things were already so bad that it did not appear to matter much what one did, I determined to try. The *Leviathan* was nowhere in sight, but once in a while I thought I caught a whiff of her smoke. Anyhow, it was a safe bet that she was somewhere in the welter up ahead. Accordingly, I began gradually to increase speed — half a knot at a time — and in this way had stepped it up to something like twenty knots by the time an hour was past. All this time the Old Man was resting — if that is the proper word — in his big armchair lashed to a stanchion in the charthouse just below the bridge. It was as near as he came to sleeping when at sea. I knew it would not take him long to show up if things were not going to his liking, so I held on, wondering occasionally if the ship would last out the watch. But my rashness was rewarded before it ended, for I made out a black lump against the almost equally black sky ahead.

THE officer who relieved me at 1 a. m. was inclined to be skeptical and while we were arguing the Old Man came up on the bridge. Whether he really saw the ship I do not know but at any rate he turned to my relief with a snort. "Of course; there she is

plain as day. See if you can *catch* her in *your* watch."

So the chase went on. But the morning was half gone before we brought the "*Levi*" abeam, and then only because smoother water was reached. The *O'Brien* had kept about even with ourselves, but the rest of the destroyer escort was strung out hopelessly astern. One had dished her fo'c'sle, another had her boats stove, and all had suffered more or less heavily from the seas. At any rate we brought her safely in and she made Liverpool the following day. I have often wondered if the Old Man remembered my *four*.

ONE fine day in the early summer of 1918 we were steaming up the Bristol Channel with a single ship, a big P. & O. liner which had been converted into a cruiser. The coast of Wales loomed indistinctly through the haze and Lundy Island was in plain sight ahead. The steamship had stopped zigzagging and was travelling straight ahead on her course under the impression that all danger was past, but we still continued to weave back and forth across her bows like the restless watchdog that we were. It happened to be my watch. The Chief Petty Officer who stood j.o. watch with me remarked that he did not believe there were any more submarines afloat — an unlucky thing to say — when under the haze on the starboard bow an oily streak on the water caught my eye. It was perhaps 500 yards away and rather indistinct, being no more than fifty feet in length, but instinctively I altered course to head for it and slammed the annunciators to Full Speed. This was scarcely done when something prompted me to glance back at our charge. She was

only a few hundred feet away, coming along peacefully on a sparkling summer sea. As one looked at her and then across the drowsy, gentle sea it was difficult to believe we were at war. But suddenly — even in the brief instant before my eyes turned ahead — an incredible thing occurred. That magnificent ship vanished behind a rampart of flame. Rather, she was enveloped by it; a burst of fire came from nowhere and completely swallowed her up. From stem to stern and from water-line to truck not an inch of her could be seen; red and purple flame tongues shot above the radio *antennæ* stretched between the very tops of her masts. All this in silence; next moment a rush of air tossed me across the bridge. It rolled our ship far over on her side.

As I picked myself up a terrific detonation struck my ears. My first look was for the stricken ship. There she lay, smoking, her paint burnt black, but otherwise just as she had been before the flame.

THEN I looked ahead. We were rushing down on the oil-slick at top speed. But stretching away from the torpedoed ship in quite another direction ran a narrow white path formed by thousands of air bubbles bursting on the surface — the wake of the torpedo.

We swerved sharply to trace it to its source. No need to turn in an alarm. Men came streaming up through hatches, covers were snatched off sights, ammunition broken out of cases, crews leaped to guns and tubes and started to train them — at the haze. Hell breaking loose and never a target in sight!

But it was on the bridge that confusion reigned supreme. Some men

and officers were swarming up the narrow brass-railed ladder while others waited their chance to slide down. The bridge was alive with men. An instant they were all in each other's way, when *presto*, as though by magic, every man was at his place beside voice-tube and indicator, and the Captain stood alone in the center, taking stock of things while the ship drove ahead at thirty knots.

WHAT had happened was this; an enemy submarine resting on the surface had seen us approaching up the Channel, although the haze prevented our seeing her at the same time. She submerged, leaving the small oil slick which I had seen, and ran at top speed away from that tell-tale spot. Hearing the destroyer sweep past she thrust up her periscope, took quick aim and discharged a torpedo, which passed astern of us, but struck the ship. Moreover, it was a lucky shot from Fritz's angle, for it exploded the cruiser's magazines, and within a very few moments it became evident that that fine ship was doomed.

None of us saw the periscope (probably it was right in the sun's track) but our lookouts did spot the torpedo's wake. Speeding to its end, or rather, to the place where it began, we commenced to circle, dropping "ash cans" at intervals as we went. But even in that short time Fritz had had a chance to make himself scarce, and the chase resolved itself into a matter of luck. We bombed the area as thoroughly as our supply of cans would permit — and it must have given him a devilish shaking up — but we failed to register a hit. At least, no

oil or wreckage came to the surface, and that is all that anyone can tell. Again a most unsatisfactory kind of war!

It was twelve minutes from the torpedoing until that great steamship lifted her stern and took the last plunge. Her British crew had manned the life boats and got away in good order. The casualties were surprisingly small. They even rescued the ship's dog from among some wreckage, and we, of course, took the survivors on board. This sinking, which occurred in June, 1918, was the last clean cut submarine attack with which my ship came into contact.

OWING to the necessity of running without lights through all kinds of weather, collisions were not rare. Fully a third of the Flotilla had struck or been struck by other ships, sometimes with miraculous escapes and again with appalling damage and loss of life. To us it was a danger far greater than submarines. Nor were ships the only danger. One black, stormy night we nearly ran into Tuskar lighthouse itself. Our turn for a bad mess finally came in July when we collided at night with a French destroyer off Ushant. Neither ship sank and no lives were lost, but we had to go into drydock for eight weeks and grow a new bow. It was a sad wind-up to over a year of duty, in which our staunch ship was commanded by skippers who never spared themselves or her, or us, in the performance of their mission. By the time she came out again the Narrow Seas swarmed with new destroyers and sub-chasers, and the Tirpitz threat was past. Such is war's luck.

Heroes of the Polar Wastes

BY FRANK H. SHAW

*A stirring sketch of battles with ice and gale and cold, such as
Commander Byrd and his comrades will soon be waging
on the Great Icy Barrier that guards the
South Pole*

NOW that Polar adventuring is so much before the public mind there are stories that deserve retelling by a glowing pen. And in all the glorious record of Arctic heroism I doubt if there is a more perfect page than that on which is inscribed the simple-souled glory of a certain Captain Oates. We know how Scott's handicapped, almost spent, party which had found the South Pole after incredible hardships, retreated with a sense of depression upon them, because the honor of initial victory had been taken from them by that man who recently has vanished into the awful silence of the Boreal unknown. We know how Scott's provisions dwindled, and how the courage that had driven his men on weakened when their reputedly strong man failed to stay the course. We remember how Oates, weak and hurt,—realizing that, if they slowed pace to keep abreast of him, they must all assuredly perish,—walked 'out, without a single claim for praise, into the hideous drive of the blizzard, to die alone—alone, if you please, when everyone who has paused on death's

threshold knows how the human soul craves companionship in the hour of its passing. Alone—when his every fibre craved for the friendly voice and the understanding hand-grip! Ten thousand years of Polar history will never exceed that record. That his sacrifice was unavailing in no wise lessens its worthiness. But all the pæans of praise can never excel the little tribute paid him by those he perished to aid: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman!" It takes conditions to make men; and the harshest condition of the world proved Captain Oates a man who measured up to the highest standards, no matter by whom such standards are imposed.

BUT he was only one of countless Arctic heroes, whose stories come to mind again as we contemplate Commander Byrd's new venture. The tragedy of it all is that the heroism of many of Commander Byrd's predecessors will never be known. Only here and there do odd, halting words leak out from lips that have been half-destroyed by frost-bite, to say that

this man or that surrendered himself for the common weal.

A shipmate of mine told me in my youth, when we were fast in the Antarctic ice, a simple story that was epic in its splendor, concerning the cook of an Arctic whaler, who, when the ship was bilged and broken, and the crew compelled to take precarious refuge on floe ice, deliberately bled himself pint by agonized pint, in order to put sustenance into the meagre soup of biscuit crumbs and occasional shellfish which was all the eatables the party were able to discover. My shipmate was a member of that party; and none of them was able to understand how it was that while the rest remained in fair health the cook faded. Only after he was dead did they discover the wound, jealously bandaged to conceal it from their sight, by which life had been preserved to them!

IT IS one thing to be heroic in the heat of fierce action, with the feeling that the eyes of the world are watching and that the voices of the admiring world will applaud. But it is not easy to be gallant when the blood is thick in the veins because of the awful rigor, and when the roots of the human soul are frozen. And yet, to the glory of our common humanity, the splendid tale goes on, improving, indeed, with the years.

Yet it is not always the spectacular deed that characterizes Polar devotion. The story of the earth's extremities is one long record of strenuous, uncomplaining endurance that seems to be nothing in particular and yet is everything: team-work—that pulling together which submerges the individual but glorifies the party. We have Shackleton's perilous boat-

voyage to the island of South Georgia to collect aid for his stranded men in the Antarctic vastness; and there is a record of heroic endurance that has probably never received full tribute, because it has been mentioned simply as an act of common duty. And we have that remarkable instance of another whaler's crew whose captain, gangrened and dying, bade his men strive on across the floes to hunt for life and leave him to his fate, as recorded in the log of the *Arcturus*; and in this latter case his stalwarts openly refused to obey, and remained with him until he passed hence, so far imperilling themselves because of the loosening floes that of them all, but one remained alive; for the ice on which they were marooned drifted out to open sea and there melted bit by bit, one man after another sliding into the green waters to lessen the load and so give the remainder a chance, until there remained but the one white-haired survivor, clasping in his meagre arms the stirring record of courage which was never published broadcast, but which only leaked out by chance, to be narrated here for, perhaps, the first time.

IF SUCH are the actors in the Polar drama, what of the stage wherein the play is worked out to its tragic climax? Those on the outside have a very inadequate conception of what the Polar wildernesses really mean.

A meticulous list of meteorological, biological and geographic discoveries may interest the savants, but the ordinary layman prefers the common angle of comparison with things he knows. The lonely, hostile Polar spaces "bar their gates with iron and shutter their doors with flame" when

the nutshell navies of the temperate world, whether marine or aërial, attempt to force their frowning ramparts. Over the gaunt and sterile plains the Aurora flares at once an invitation and a threat. High-piled hummocks glimmer in the unearthly radiance, as soulless as the gems for which other adventurers dare the hotter latitudes.

CONDITIONS have not altered there from the days of my early adventuring, for a quarter of a century is no more than a snap of the fingers in the unchanging Polar eternity. Now, as then, the quality of a vast and perpetual loneliness, that grows from the everlastingly misted horizons, persists. For though, since twenty-five years ago, the Poles have been conquered and reconquered by gallant men, some of whom have paid for their temerity with their lives, others with permanent mutilations and afflictions, the Boreal spaces are unimpressed. A stark flag, scarred and worn by the gale-driven ice; a cairn to mark a cache, or a piteous grave; a glorious page of fearlessness added to a nation's history: these are all the difference. The glaciers move resistlessly to the sea; the polar bear in the North leads her growling cubs past a pile of bleached and tasteless bones, and the great winds bellow their wrath that holds a hint of mocking laughter behind its clamor. Men pass and triumph and fail and die; the Poles remain, immutable.

With a temperature of anything down to seventy below Fahrenheit zero, existence at the world's ends is a difficult thing. Snow, driven before an almost eternal gale, is there and solid ice, scarring deeply what it touches.

The wind is so bleak that it chills the marrow, no matter what protective clothing is donned. The ice is not smooth and alluring, as the ice of our hand-groomed skating-rinks; it is tumbled in chaotic masses, up-ended into giant crags, torn into fearsome crevasses. Death mows and gibbers from behind every hummock. For weeks on end the sky, in summer as in the six months winter, is obscured by driving clouds that hang their ragged fringes to the misted ring of the horizon. An ordinary gale can be terribly merciless; a Polar gale can hardly be described for its appalling relentlessness. It drives and drives; it never lets up; it beats down and hits at the rising figures before they reach their knees. It tears the skin of the explorers' faces open to inflict gangrenous sores. It beats them back; and if they persist, it lures them on with false lulls, only to develop an added viciousness in the moment of anticipated conquest, and drives on, mockingly, to its perpetual work of guarding the ice-bound land. I have seen the visible world a-swirl with icy snow particles, each one possessing the cruel sting of a shrapnel ball, for seven days on end; and in such a havoc nothing that is human and unprotected can endure.

TRUE, there are periods of calm, which are fleeting and deceptive: the siren smiles to tempt; then frowns to slay. When earth reveals itself it is bleak and sterile, breeding only a worthless moss. Ice-scoured rock you see for the most part, with never a touch of nature to ease the snow-blinded eyes. To walk is excruciating: the ridged surfaces cut the stoutest leather to pieces like evil knives.

Occasionally, that perversity may be rendered perfect, the solid ice yawns in gaping chasms which are thinly covered with frozen snow to form pit-falls for the unwary, down which they are precipitated to quick death or lingering agonies that follow on broken bones and lonely hopelessness.

And yet men, knowing all these rigors, return again and again to the Polar hazard, undaunted; just as men, having learned the perils of the sea, go back voyage by voyage, drawn by a charm that cannot be interpreted in ordinary words.

HERE is one final true story of the remorselessness of the Arctic: tragic, as are most of the Polar tales. Two men, sealers, were cast away in the Northern wastes. They found the Arctic, instead of breeding within them a common bond of brotherhood, bred only hostility. Often it is so—men can grow to hate very cordially in the brooding silences. Ultimately, when they reached the ice-coast, one killed the other with a quick bullet through the brain; and then, fearing his dead, threw the murdered body down a deep crevasse, entrusting his secret to the safe keeping of the Frozen North. He followed the ice coastline for wearisome leagues, existing on such fish as he could contrive to catch, uncooked because he had no means of kindling a fire or material to kindle; until he chanced on a nomad tribe of Eskimos. By them he was succored and ultimately, in one of their kayaks, he reached civilization, where he told a tale that his comrade had died from want and exposure. The tale was believed.

But the crevasse into which the dead man's body had been thrown proved a traitorous sepulchre. Irresistibly, foot by foot, fathom by fathom, the great glacier, in which the crevasse was but a nick, moved seaward, until at the appointed time it cracked, and a berg was calved from the parent mass. That berg, seized by the ocean currents, drifted down toward the temperate South, lessening as the warmer waters washed it; capsizing as its under-water bulk decreased, recapsizing, as the sea took its toll of its vastness; until it was merely a minor iceberg among the many. It was located by the international ice-patrol. Enshrined within it, as in a glass casket, was the perfectly preserved body of the murdered man—with all the evidence to show that his death was not brought about by misadventure but by set intent. I do not know whether the killer paid the full penalty of his crime; I only know that the Arctic proved remorseless to the last.

THIS is a tragic note whereon to end a paper; but the keynote of the Polar spaces is tragedy; as the *leit-motif* is splendid heroism, fortitude and a courage that cannot be surpassed in all the records of gallant faring the wide world over. It may be, indeed, that when the earth's extremities have become more popular, when a visit to either Pole is an episode, that even grimmer tragedies than this last one may be uncovered. But however grim they be, they cannot outweigh the glorious chronicle of valor that is inscribed in the great white silences.

When the Reporters Come

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

For these days, when almost anybody may have to deal unexpectedly with gentlemen of the Press, a graduate of the craft offers rules to lessen the ordeal and its consequences

FOR many years, certainly long prior to the current Broadway dramas shedding light on the thrills and monotonies of journalism, the general public has cherished its own conception of the nature and characteristics of reporters. All of them, it has been firmly believed, drink to excess, shave once a week at the most, wear slouch hats, and constantly meet interesting people. They call the Mayor by his first name, and have great stores of confidential information with which they could ruin the reputations of nearly all prominent men. They are held to be Bohemian fellows who slave inordinately for "the old rag," curse their trade vividly but cannot leave it, and usually die young—and so much the better. The public may admit that newspaper men are talented in a shrewd way, but it does not admit them to social equality.

Such is the picture, accurate in some of its details, and in others absurdly false. To an increasing extent, of course, Americans are coming into contact with the gentlemen of the press and so can base their opinions on

first-hand knowledge. The Captain of Industry meets them when a new merger is being announced. Chaperoned by his press agents (called public relations counsel), he greets the reporters affably, hands out cigars, and attempts to dodge such of their questions as he does not wish to answer. The Society Leader rubs elbows with them in the name of sweet charity, or graciously makes public the guest list for her daughter's wedding. Eager clergymen mingle, now that religion is front page news, with the representatives of the Fourth Estate. And the Chicago button king, returning on the *Leviathan* from a European selling trip, watches enviously as the ship news men scramble aboard at Quarantine to interview celebrities. It is just possible, celebrities being scarce, that he will be asked for his own views on the stabilization of the franc, the British naval programme, or the Kellogg treaty.

IN ALL these cases the contacts are voluntarily established because of something to be gained—often a sense of self-importance—from the

resulting publicity. Obviously, also, the number of people who meet newspaper men thus happily is but a small fraction of those who have never seen a reporter in the flesh. My theme concerns them only indirectly.

WHAT to do when the reporters come? It is a question sometimes faced by those whose lives normally flow in quiet channels and who still believe press agents to be curious phenomena of the circus. Panic and doubt not infrequently seize them as the hawks of the press swoop down. Often they flee headlong. Usually they talk either too much or too little. Almost always they fail to realize that reporters are people, too, with such human failings as laziness, stupidity, naïveté and gratitude. The novice about to be interviewed for the first time assumes that all reporters are ghouls waiting for the emergence of the family skeleton. Mercy is not in them.

Nor is it only the uninitiated who find themselves wretched in the glare of publicity. One has only to recall the troubles of Mr. Tunney when he announced that he had retired from the ring and intended to wed a youthful heiress. Reporters are, it is true, dispatched by their editors for the sole purpose of learning about something which has occurred. They are often forced to suppress inner qualms persuading them that private affairs are none of the public's business. If, for instance, your son has eloped with Arline Joy of the Follies it is, perhaps, just as well to admit the misalliance frankly. Undoubtedly your unwelcome callers have already been to the City Hall and have examined the file of marriage licenses. The reporter will

not be dissuaded by warnings that you are a big advertiser, and that the owner of his paper is a friend of yours, or by the offer of a bribe. But there is an outside chance that he can be deceived by a beaming statement that the marriage is one which delights you, that Miss Joy is a graduate of Smith College doing leg work in the chorus in preparation for grand opera. Thus suppress your real feelings and next morning, it is probable, the headlines will be "PROMINENT YOUTH WEDS COLLEGE-GIRL PRIMA DONNA" instead of "SCION AND CHORINE ELOPE; FLEE PARENTAL WRATH." One thing is certain, at all events, and this is that the newspaper man will not be sent palpitating back to his office with a door slammed in his face, for he has heard, beyond much doubt, that classic among journalistic anecdotes in which a cub protested against being kicked down a front stoop.

THE reporter of this legend had been sent by his city editor to interview a stalwart Irishman whose wife, grown weary of black eyes and beatings, had started suit for divorce. After an hour had passed he telephoned that he could not get the story.

"I asked him about it," he explained, "but he kicked me down stairs."

"Go ask him again," came over the wire.

Another hour went by and again the reporter called his city editor. The interview was impossible to obtain, he said. He had asked the Irishman twice more about his rebellious wife, and twice more had been catapulted down the stoop.

"See him again immediately!"

roared the city editor. "Tell him he can't intimidate me!"

MEMBERS of the legal profession, it has been noted, make the worst possible witnesses under cross-examination. They are aware that the fellow attorney in front of them probably knows the true answers to his questions and is waiting for an opportunity to prefer charges of perjury. The lawyer squirming in the witness chair seeks to divine what is in the mind of his examiner and to frame his answers in such a way that nothing will have been admitted. Usually he barely escapes a rebuke from the Court and gets fearfully snarled before the ordeal is over.

But the novice meeting newspaper men, unable to avoid their questions, often assumes that they know nothing at all; and gets just as badly tangled in the net of his circumstances. The fact is, the reporter who calls at your house is likely to know a great deal about your supposedly private affairs before leaving his office. Knowledge of this truth enables the victim about to be grilled — as the headlines put it — to know where he stands.

The sophisticated citizen, often called the Man-about-Town, is usually cognizant of this and makes use of it when he finds himself in an embarrassing predicament. Some years ago a gentleman no better than he should have been became involved in a potential scandal in a Mid-Western city. The ugly facts were that a young woman of the chorus had committed suicide in a hotel and had indiscreetly, or on purpose, left letters raising suspicions that he had been more than a Platonic friend. These had been found by the police and duly given to the

newspapers. The reporters immediately stormed the office of the Man-about-Town and, somewhat to their surprise, were swiftly ushered into his presence.

"I knew Miss Blank very well indeed," he said with a catch in his voice. "Her father was an old friend of mine, and when Margaret came here to begin a musical career she naturally called on me for advice and encouragement. Yes, I even assisted her with small loans from time to time. Gradually she began to look upon me as an elder brother. I can't imagine what caused her to do this dreadful thing nor can I express, as I am sure you gentlemen will appreciate, how very distressed I am."

RATHER thin? Of course it was a dubious explanation. But had the reporters insinuated in their stories that it was less than the whole truth, they would have been forced, in the event of libel suits, to prove their version in court. This would have been difficult and expensive and would, besides, have required many hours of weary sleuthing. Consequently they printed the official explanation, with only the mildest hint that a deeper mystery lay behind it. The matter was a minor sensation for a day or two and then disappeared from the news columns. The reputation of the Man-about-Town may have been slightly tarnished, but not enough to warrant ejection from the better clubs. In contrast, however, another prominent citizen became involved in a similar mess and fled the town. After two or three days he was found in a distant city and was unable to explain his flight to the reporters who had trailed him. Being actually consumed with

guilt, and beyond the assistance of press agents who might have saved him, he graced the headlines for days.

THE distressing case of Mr. Tunney is similar only to the extent that he has shown astonishing inaptitude in his dealings with the reporters. Here was a pugilist whose international renown had depended, to a very large extent, upon newspaper publicity. During the time he had been heavy-weight champion his every action had been news. And Tunney was one of the first to agree that it was legitimate news. But as soon as he had retired, and had announced his engagement to Miss Lauder, he claimed privileges as a private citizen; just as though a public character could transform himself overnight. He indulged in all manner of idiotic manœuvres to outwit the swarms of reporters who followed him demanding to know when he would be married, what he thought of love, what he planned to do for a living, and what Miss Lauder thought of the prize ring. Instead of meeting the news writers, Tunney disguised himself with spectacles and attempted to flee. For weeks his life was miserable and both he and Miss Lauder had to barricade themselves in their homes. To my mind, Tunney would have escaped more easily had he made the best of the situation, talked gracefully when it was necessary, and kept his temper.

These incidents illustrate the confusion that clouds the public mind regarding reporters. Anyone who has watched the gathering of news, or who has assisted in the gathering, is constantly made aware of the wide gap between the public and the press. Not long ago, to cite another example, a young girl vanished from the campus

of an Eastern college. Now the deans and other officials of female institutions of learning are more jumpy about reporters than any other group; and not without reason. Every newspaper office, including *The New York Times*, would seem to have a standing rule that anything a college girl does is first page news — with photo. Thus when she rolls her stockings, or stops doing so, or smokes cigarettes, or takes up theosophy, the world learns about it the next morning. It is the life purpose of all college deans to reduce the extent of this sort of publicity. Occasionally, however, the newspapers can be of definite assistance.

THE disappearance of the young woman was an instance of this. For more than two days no word was given to the newspapers, in the vain hope that the affair might be handled without notoriety. In the end, the police and the distracted parents appealed to the press of the nation to aid in the search. Photographs of the girl were broadcast, together with minute descriptions of her appearance. But at the very moment this assistance was being requested, the girls in at least one dormitory were warned "not to discuss the case with the reporters now infesting the campus."

It is less important that this was bad manners — appealing to the newspapers on one hand and uttering warnings against reporters on the other — than that the case was typical of the stupidity with which such affairs are so frequently handled. The college authorities did not know what had happened to the girl. She might have been kidnapped, or a victim of amnesia or worse. Two valuable days were lost before people throughout the

country had the slightest notion of how she looked. The first interest of the college seems to have been the hope that the reporters would not come at all. When they did come, they could obtain little authentic news and so began publication of wild rumors concerning suicide and love affairs.

MY PURPOSE is not to defend reporters, but to explain, if I can, the nature of these men who are welcomed with open arms by some and viewed as social evils by many others. Leaving out of the question, for the moment, those attached to the tabloid atrocities, they probably have as much chance of getting to Heaven as any other group of men in professional or business life. Not a few of the staff writers on the standard New York dailies (as distinguished from the picture papers) hold university degrees. Several are listed, whatever this may be worth, in *The Social Register* and play squash at the Harvard Club. One of the better British Earls, a serious young man who declines to use his title and becomes disgusted when society pushers invite him to their parties, covered the arrival of ships for almost a year and is now an assistant dramatic critic. The most capable New York reporters, the men who are assigned to really big news events, are well bred, well dressed, well read and honest. They are, in brief, gentlemen.

Undeniably, though, there are some who can be called gentlemen of the press only in irony; and therein lies the peril when the reporters come. Again, I must explain the mechanics of news gathering. The most respectable and conservative journals, at least in the large cities, have two classes of re-

porters, those known as "staff men" and those called "district men". The district reporters are assigned to remote police stations, to the morgue, to hospitals and to branch offices in various parts of the city. Virtually illiterate, they do not write their stories, but telephone them to the city room where rewrite men whip them into shape. Most of them are poorly paid and have not the slightest chance of gaining better positions. Usually they are merely voices on a telephone, rarely seen by the more skilful men who write their stories. They remain at their posts year after year, until they die or are retired on small pensions by generous owners.

These are the shock troops of metropolitan journalism, the men who do most of the dirty work. They are on hand at fires, when unimportant murders have been committed, when a suicide takes place. They are the first to appear when the reporters come, and are replaced by staff men if what they are covering assumes importance. They are, alas, terrible.

YET the lowest of the district men is preferable to that astonishing development of modern journalism, the tabloid reporter. Ability to write, even to read, is not vital to the man who slaves for the booming picture papers. His job is to dig up dirt, the filthier the better. The tabloids thrive on the dissemination of private affairs, particularly if sex is involved. If the tabloid reporter commits burglary in getting his story, he is well on the road to success and will be a managing editor some day. If he is motivated by a sense of the honorable, he is certain to fail. He carries with him a supply of cash with which to bribe

public officials and servants and thus purchases the loyalty of valets, butlers and parlor maids. He kidnaps, for the purpose of extracting lurid diaries, the girl brides of eccentric realtors. He obtains the memoirs of self-made widows. He writes imaginary interviews with criminals awaiting execution.

The type is not entirely new. He existed, in less obnoxious form, back in the days when William Randolph Hearst breezed into New York from the West and startled the conservative newspapers into frenzies of sensationalism. Respectability was on the ascendancy, however, when the tabloids were started. Now the tabloid reporter has thrown confusion into the ranks of all newspaper men and is causing no small measure of worry to their managing editors. The former are wondering whether they, too, may not shortly be called upon to violate all codes of decency in the name of news, and whether the measure of public esteem they were beginning to win is to be swept away. The editors, watching tabloid circulations leap, are torn between emulation of their methods and disgust for them. For tabloid journalism knows no restraint.

ONE night some years ago reports were current on Park Row that a wealthy widower with an estate outside of New York was about to marry his house-maid. It was the vaguest sort of servants' hall gossip, but a juicy possibility for the picture press. So two valued trustees were dispatched to do their stuff. Their campaign plans were formulated on the train. One was to pose as an attorney and the other as an official connected with the Surrogate's office. They de-

cided to call on the rumored kitchen-fiancée and inform her that an obscure relative had just died and had left her half a million dollars. This they did, interviewing the astonished and delighted girl at the back door. Then they suggested that she accompany them to the village speak-easy to celebrate. Half-delirious over her supposed good fortune, she did so and was plied with liquor until she was willing to say anything. In response to leading questions, she confirmed the rumors of an approaching marriage to her master and went into what appeared to be full details of the affair. Unfortunately, however, both reporters had joined in the drinking to such an extent that neither was in condition to return to his office that night. By morning, they could remember little of what they had been told, so they dropped the matter and reported that there was nothing in the story.

THE end — headlines and a layout of photographs — justifies the lowest means to the tabloid journalist. About a year ago a group of reporters, nervous and sick over the horror they were about to witness, gathered in the office of the Warden of Sing Sing prison for final instructions. Within a few minutes a woman was to die in the electric chair. The Warden, also suffering under the strain, told them of reports that some tabloid representative intended to smuggle a camera into the death chamber. This was contrary to regulations, and he asked assurance that the rumors were false. He trusted the honor of his newspaper friends, the Warden went on, and did not propose to search them. Whereupon, to their discredit, since they knew that the tabloid men were in-

nocent of honor, all the reporters protested that no one could possibly do so low a thing.

Next morning the entire front page of *The New York Daily News*, dean of the picture papers, was taken up with a photograph of a woman being put to death. *The News* has not, as far as I know, explained how this triumph was achieved. I am reliably informed, however, that the reporter had a small camera attached to his leg. Having obtained a seat in the front row of witnesses, he pressed a button and obtained the picture. He is said to have received a bonus of \$100.

UNTIL the advent of the tabloid men, the newspaper photographers were the pariahs of journalistic society. They had no manners. They did not shave or change their linen. They were crude in their approach, hailing the Queen of Rumania as "Hey! Queen!" and the Prince of Wales as "That's a good guy, Prince!" They slapped the late President Wilson on the back and ordered him to shake hands with William Jennings Bryan and "Smile, can't you?" They held to certain inviolate customs, among them that twenty snaps had to be made when two would have been plenty. They demanded that personable young women cross their legs and expose their knees by sitting on the railings of inward-bound steamers. But now the camera men pale to insignificance beside the tabloid men. Indeed, they grow a little wistful, for young women now exhibit their silken knees without urging and it is difficult to make a really snappy picture.

All this, no doubt, is hardly comforting to the American tossed by nightmares that he, too, may one day

face the gentlemen of the press. At best, and giving due recognition to the many reporters who are able, intelligent and honest, they are, perhaps, a motley crew. The menace of the reporter lies in his variety. Some are even young men with literary ambitions who labor for newspapers only because they believe it the path to writing the Great American Novel. These are incredibly aloof youths who know nothing of what is going on and who are badly informed, if at all, on nearly everything having relation to the work they are doing. On an assignment they betray their ignorance by asking silly questions. At heart, they despise newspaper work and are fearful lest they become contaminated by reporting. One such youth, beginning his employment on a New York daily, shuddered over the thought that he might be exposed by having one of his stories signed. Although this was extremely unlikely, since the "by line" is an award for distinguished service, he took his fears to one of the older men.

"Do you think," he asked, "it would injure my standing with the quality magazines if I had a signed story in the paper?"

WHAT to do when the reporters come depends, it is obvious, on the form their visitation takes, and I offer some general rules for guidance. If a pair from the tabloids arrive on the trail of scandal, it may be possible to bluff them. They may be determined and undoubtedly will prove energetic. But their intelligence will not be great and they can be misled by suavity, a calm air of assurance, and some Scotch whiskey. Keep them away, however, from your servants. If

the reporters appear to be respectable men from well-known newspapers, treat them as you would any other gentlemen. If they are youths with literary aspirations, they are harmless except to the degree that they will misquote you. If all the varieties arrive together, with a half-dozen photographers in addition, you can do nothing but summon the nearest and most eminent public relations counsel.

THE mass interview, in which ten or twenty or thirty reporters hurl their interrogations, is one of the most interesting features of Twentieth Century journalism. Certainly it is as trying an ordeal as any faced by those suspected of murder, infidelity, or larceny, or of being some form of celebrity. The intelligent reporters are silenced by the majority totally lacking in sense. Nine-tenths of the questions are perfectly foolish. Thus when Joseph Conrad faced his first group of American reporters, a female writer with a high-pitched voice kept demanding that he reveal his favorite dishes. The Prince of Wales has been asked to explain his horsemanship. Caillaux, of France, landing for an important financial conference, was bluntly ordered to tell why he had been "found guilty of treason." Only the Queen of Rumania, to whom no question was so silly as not to merit answer, was happy at these affairs. Most uncomfortable of all, not even excepting the victim, are the intelligent minority among the reporters. They stand on the outskirts of the mob, looking rather shamefaced, aware that nothing can be done to halt the spectacle, knowing

that little worth printing will be obtained.

The mass interview, the tabloid reporters, the picture papers, the flaring headlines; all these are part of the American scene. Once in a while some conservative views them with alarm. But for the most part they are accepted with complacency, even with relish. Publicity, even more than money, is the god before whom obeisance is made. From bathing beauties to transatlantic fliers, from Chief Executives wearing chaps to lady evangelists denying stories about their lingerie — all is legitimate.

THERE is, to be sure, one club not far from Fifth Avenue where the old fictions are maintained. One night, a year or so ago, I received a telephone call from one of the members. He had, he said, a statement regarding some oil developments in Europe. He would be glad to see it in the newspaper. Would I drop up?

A half hour later he was offering me one of the voluptuously comfortable chairs in the lounge. Boys had been dispatched for cigars and whiskey. Then he produced a statement which had been dictated to the club stenographer, the basis of an interview. He told me that I was at liberty to ask any questions that I chose. As I got up to leave he followed me to the door and shook hands.

"I say," he remarked, "would you mind not mentioning in your article that you talked with me here at the club? We still refuse to admit reporters. Only theoretically, of course. Rot, isn't it? But you'll remember? Thanks awfully. It will be in the paper in the morning? Thanks a lot!"

Affairs of the World

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

Our Naval Policy

NOT often has the American State Department issued a note comparable in three salient respects with that on the Anglo-French naval proposals—in importance, in unwelcomeness to the Government that issued it, and in the favor with which it was received by the very Powers against whose policy it was directed with fatal force. Mr. Kellogg must have been most reluctant to express disapproval of the plans of the two nations with which our relations are most intimate and most cordial. Yet so courteous was his tone, and so clear and convincing was his reasoning, that Great Britain received his note with gratification which could scarcely have been greater had he accepted instead of rejecting her plan; while France's disappointment was far less than her readiness to seek some other plan which would be acceptable to us; realizing, doubtless, the truth of *The Spectator's* observation, that "everything is lost unless Anglo-American coöperation is ensured." As for the importance of the matter, it is not easily to be exaggerated, seeing that the note was in effect a complement to the treaty "outlawing" war; giving evidence that America would not deprive herself of the power to make that treaty effective.

The fact is that the Anglo-French agreement, while doubtless well meant and not in the least intended to be unfavorable, not to say inimical, to America, could scarcely have been more ingeniously and successfully devised to discriminate against this country and to menace our legitimate capacity for self-defense. The logical and appropriate sequel to Mr. Kellogg's note will be the prompt adoption of the pending bill for the construction of the very cruisers which the now defunct agreement would have prohibited.

"The Name American"

OUR good friend and esteemed contributor to this REVIEW, Mr. St. John Ervine, is the latest—I dare not venture to hope that he will prove to be the last—to lament that "no adequate name has yet been invented" for the inhabitants of these United States; in which strange error I beg leave to comfort and to correct him. More than a hundred and fifty years ago there was invented and bestowed upon the people of this country by unsurpassed authorities a name that is natural, logical, analogical, convenient and euphonious, and which ever since that time has enjoyed the sanction of generally unchallenged use in popular speech and writings and in the most important

official documents, at the hands and tongues of statesmen, diplomats, jurists, historians, lexicographers, and indeed "all sorts and conditions of men". It was and is that which Washington, in his Farewell Address to his fellow countrymen referred to as "the name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity". If that is not "an adequate name" for the inhabitants of this country, it would be most interesting to know why.

Turning the Scoundrels Out

AN AUSPICIOUS piece of Governmental housecleaning has at last been effected in the placing of the two thousand Prohibition enforcement agents under the provisions of the Civil Service Act of 1927, by which they are enrolled in the classified service and are made eligible to appointment only after competitive examination; those men hitherto appointed and already serving being required to take the examinations as a condition of retaining their places. The questions prepared for the examinations were eminently practical, relating entirely to the duties to be performed, and the actual incumbents had obviously a great advantage toward answering them, accruing from their experience. Yet only about one-tenth of them passed the examinations. Nine-tenths of them either were unable to answer the questions, or were unwilling or afraid to make the attempt, and accordingly were compelled to retire from the service. About six years ago Mr. William Dudley Foulke, Vice-President of the National Civil Service Reform League, speaking from plenitude of expert observation, declared that the enforcement service had been "per-

meated from top to bottom with as precious a set of unmitigated scoundrels as ever trod the earth." And the records of the criminal courts have abundantly confirmed his estimate of these agents of a "great moral cause". It may now be hoped that most of the scoundrels have been turned out. That achievement will not solve the problem of what to do about the Eighteenth Amendment. But it will at least measurably deodorize and disinfect it.

Mexico's New Era

IT IS not too much to regard the election of Emilio Portes Gil, as Provisional President, as at least potentially marking a new and most auspicious era in Mexican history. Unlike most of his predecessors, he has never been a soldier, and does not in the least degree owe his prominence and his accession to military influence. He has always been a civilian and a believer in civil rather than military dominance in Governmental affairs. He has had a successful career as legislator, executive, and jurist, and is thus probably second to no other of his countrymen in practical familiarity with all the departments and functions of government. He is likewise understood to be inclined toward the most confident and cordial relations with this country. Certainly the unanimous election by the Congress of such a man to be Chief Magistrate of the Republic is an event of high promise.

Rhineland Occupation

FRANCE remembers still keenly the German occupation of her territory after the Terrible Year, which was maintained until the last cen-

time of ransom had been paid; and she now feels inclined to do the same with the German territory of the Rhineland, at least to the full extent of the fifteen years permitted by the Treaty of Versailles, to wit, until 1935. Yet it must be borne in mind that her present occupation is radically different in purpose from that of Germany fifty-five years ago. That earlier one was to compel the payment of ransom, while this later one has nothing to do with indemnity, but is intended to enforce general good behavior. Whatever is ultimately done about it, three facts stand out, clear, unmistakable and pertinent: That occupation — or evacuation — and reparations are entirely separate and not mutually contingent matters; that reparations and international debts are also separate and not at all interdependent; and that the totals of reparations and of debts should be determined and fixed without further delay.

Our Northern Neighbor

CANADA is in population one of the smaller countries of the world; about the size of diminished Hungary, much smaller than Czechoslovakia, half the size of Rumania. In comparison with our own States, it is a million or so smaller than New York, and probably a little smaller than Pennsylvania. Yet commercially it is to us the foremost country of the world. We buy more goods from Canada than from any other country, and we sell more to it than to any other. Such statistics make a significant pendant to the long-standing boast about the longest international land frontier in the world without a single fortress or military post throughout its entire extent.

Storms and Counter-Storms

TO THE thousands who read with absorbing interest Muna Lee's article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August last, on *Conquistador for Science*, the recent hurricane in Porto Rico has peculiar meaning, and a special appeal. For they were then reminded that the former and famous hurricane of San Ciriaco, in that island, — good being brought out of evil, — led straight to Dr. Bailey K. Ashford's foundation of the School of Tropical Medicine in the University of Porto Rico. And now, twenty-nine years after San Ciriaco and three years after the organization and opening of the School, another such hurricane has wrecked that institution and the entire university of which it is a part. These circumstances must strongly commend to American benevolence the plea of that university for aid in its rehabilitation. And perhaps still further interest may be aroused in the case by the recollection that it was to still another such storm and its romantic sequel, in a neighboring island, more than a century and a half ago, that this country owed one of the very greatest constructive statesmen in all its history. If to these we add a memorable episode at St. Thomas, when a hurricane balked for the time the acquisition of that island by the United States, we shall have a pretty comprehensive outline for a treatise on *Caribbean Hurricanes in American History*.

The Democracy of Nippon

ONLY a little while ago occurred the electoral enfranchisement of the proletariat of Japan. Close following came the adoption of the Occidental

system of trial by jury. And now comes an incident of comparable and indeed allied importance; and of no less social and political significance than of romantic beauty. This is the marriage of the Heir Presumptive to the Imperial throne with a bride possessing not merely no sovereign rank but not even a title of nobility; making it probable that the next Empress of Japan, and the mother of the next Emperor, will be a former Commoner. This is the first such marriage in the history of the Empire; and when we remember that the weddings of members of the reigning family are governed exclusively by the immemorial laws and traditions of that family itself, transmitted from the legendary Sun Goddess herself through the long procession of a hundred and twenty-three reigns, we must interpret this one as an epochal denotement of the breaking down of the age-old wall of partition between the putatively divine and the actually human. That it has been received with enthusiastic favor by peers and proletariat alike, is confirmation of its wisdom and of the profound transformation which is occurring in the social constitution of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Two Strong Men

ONCE more it is demonstrated that "when two strong men stand face to face", the seemingly impossible may be achieved, and all problems of ancient enmities, of present rivalries and of future ambitions are capable of true solution. A few years ago Italy and Greece were mutually seeing red whenever they glared across the Adriatic, and seemed in that storied region to present the most acute of perils to the peace of Europe. But now their

respective Dictators have met. Mussolini and Venizelos have come together, have seen each other, and both have conquered. They have made between their two countries what it is doubtful if any envoys accredited by them could have made, a treaty of friendship, conciliation and arbitration; so that memories of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" live again in coöperation for peace among the nations.

No Truce with Adam-Zad

PUBLIC and press of Argentina acclaim with cordial approval the declaration of their Minister for Foreign Affairs, that until the Government of Soviet Russia abstains from propaganda against the social order, domestic institutions and sovereign integrity of other nations, it would be dangerous to give it official recognition or to permit it to establish legations or commercial agencies. That is a significant utterance, to be made by the Government of an important nation which has, above most others, made a scientific study of international law and ethics; and of its absolute truth and justice there can be no reasonable doubt. The history of human governments contains scarcely a more scandalous — we might say, infamous — spectacle than that of the responsible authorities of a great people systematically and officially intriguing against the peace and constitutional stability of their fellow peoples at the very moment when they are hypocritically soliciting from these others their confident recognition and friendly intercourse. It is worthy to be bracketted with the doings of Bomba of the Two Sicilies, who "erected negation of God into a system of government".

"Good Enough Morgans"

Now that the Presidential campaign is over, it might be profitable — though doubtless painfully distasteful — for a multitude of speakers and writers to reread their utterances of weeks past, and consider how they sound "in the cold gray light of the morning after". Did they really mean them, or even think that they meant them? Or did they cynically regard them simply as "good enough Morgans until after election"?

To Whom It May Concern

WHEN a commercial airship belonging to another country visits America as the special guest of the American Government, to enjoy gratuitously its housing facilities, its technical services and its guardianship of its safety, at the large pecuniary cost and great moral responsibility of its host, "a decent regard to the opinions of mankind", to say nothing more, would seem to require that its navigators should keep this Government informed of the time, distance and direction of its approach, so that fitting preparations might be conveniently made for its reception, at least to the extent of promptly replying to this Government's courteous inquiries, and of not contemptuously ignoring them or insolently responding that "We are not allowed to communicate with you." If a prospective guest refuses to recognize or to communicate with the prospective host, all obligations of hospitality might well be *ipso facto* cancelled.

The Airplane Scandal

SCANDAL is a moderate term to apply to the controversy over the Kitty Hawk airplane of the Wright Brothers,

and the placing of it in the Kensington Museum, London, instead of the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. In saying that there is no reflection upon Orville Wright, the surviving inventor; or upon Charles G. Abbot, the Secretary of the Institution, who inherited the trouble from his predecessors; or yet upon the late Professor Samuel P. Langley, whose flying device has been installed in the Museum. But it is perfectly obvious that somebody, somewhere in the case, very seriously blundered; otherwise the Kitty Hawk plane would now be in Washington instead of London. In the name of common sense and decency, it ought to be possible to correct that blunder to the satisfaction of the three parties concerned — the *tertium quid* being the American nation — and to put the Wright plane where it belongs, without waiting for the Congressional investigation which has already been ordered and the holding of which would make us a spectacle for gods and men. The scandal is rank enough without going to that extreme. "I may be a fool," Eugene Field once wrote; "yes, and I *may* be a damned fool; but I protest that I am *not* a God damned fool!"

"Career" Diplomats

THERE can be no doubt that the proposal to have the "career" men in diplomacy — the Ambassadors and Ministers who entered the service as a permanent profession and have risen from lower grades under Civil Service rules — hold their places and decline to resign at the beginning of a new Administration, was ill-advised and illegal. Such officers are in a sense the personal representatives of

the President, and each President is entitled to make his own selections. But it is equally true that the Government is morally if not legally bound to retain them in its service, in some fitting capacity. The time has happily passed when all such places were filled with spoilsmen, in the fashion denoted by the pious editor of *The Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss*:

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions:—

I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more for outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

Nevertheless, the service is not and never will be quite conformed to the law of the Medes and Persians. The resignation of the diplomats in question may at least in most cases be merely a gesture; but it will be a graceful gesture, and grace always pays.

The Apostolic Advertiser

THE protracted and conspicuous career of the late Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, after Mrs. Eddy herself probably the most widely known Christian Science teacher, will be remembered by many chiefly for her introduction of the paid advertisement as a means of evangelizing the world, as well as of intrasectarian controversy. In that she was far in advance of the committee of orthodox religionists who recently announced their purpose to

“sell Christianity to the world”. But one wonders whether, if there had been a newspaper press at that time, such methods would have been practised at Jerusalem or at Ephesus, say in A.D. 55. True, the statement was made the other day that every essential principle of Twentieth Century salesmanship was practised by Jesus of Nazareth. And yet . . . somehow . . .

Princess or Peasant?

THE Anastasia mystery remains unsolved. True, a number of members of the Russian Imperial family have united in a signed repudiation of the young woman as an impostor, and her hitherto strongest champion in America is understood to have withdrawn from her support. Yet there remain on record the very positive recognitions of her as the daughter of the late Czar, made by persons whose testimony is not lightly to be dismissed; so that we cannot regard it as by any means determined whether Anastasia Tschaikovsky is or is not Anastasia Nicolaievna; whether she is the pitiable survivor of one of the world's most hideous tragedies, or merely a cunning pretender. But perhaps it is just as well that it is and will remain so. There are, we suppose, few in America who remember the Rev. Eleazer Williams, the Apostle to the Indians; and it is now many years since the last appearance of the Naundorffs in court as claimants of the Bourbon succession. So it is time to have a brand-new Pretender on the boards.

The White House Gang

BY EARLE LOOKER

*Some piquant escapades of Quentin and his Three Musketeers in
the halcyon days of T. R., sometimes implicating T. R.
himself as pirate, conspirator or as relentless
executor of justice*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT started the adventurous, rollicking, joyous career of the White House Gang by sending his youngest son, Quentin, to the Force School on Massachusetts Avenue. Here, the Gang was recruited, and here each day after school it went into a huddle to confound all the rules of deportment in high places, to mix into the lives of Presidents and policemen, to win victories, to taste honor — to suffer punishment for escapades that went on the wires to national publicity. But this recorder of the Gang remembers only a few of those exploits so far unknown, or known only to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt; and some others hidden even from them.

At first, the arrival of the son of the President of the United States in our dingy red-brick public school made an undeniable flurry; the class of some fifty-odd watched him with hopeful scrutiny for signs of being stuck-up. But we learned soon that Quentin was like his father, with the same quality of enthusiasm, quick anger and quick forgiveness, explosive speech, frankness, aggressive leadership, imagina-

tion. His little body fairly quivered with his impetuosity. His tow head was always mussed, tie coming untied, clothes being torn, stockings refusing to stay up. His head seemed too big for his body. He was as irrepressible in mind as he was in body, and either way there was no holding him down or back; he was active, alert, eager, bubbling over with ideas, with strange words, with humor, with sentiment.

THE Gang was unofficial for a long time, and did not become a fact until its individual membership had been passed upon by the White House. Among the finally accredited members, first, in the order of size, was Charles Taft, "Clam Charlie", later to occupy Quentin's position as White House host. He was remarkable for his calmness and slowness to anger, his good humor and also for his steadfast determination when aroused. Dick Chew was called "Sailor" because his name indicated to us he should be chewing tobacco — which he once did out of bravado until it made him actively ill. I remember the size and uncountable number of his freckles.

Bob "Slim" Stead was sallow and wiry and active enough to be used as the entering wedge into nearly inaccessible places. There were one or two others, on and off, but boys forget, names mean nothing, action is everything.

THE most active member of the Gang was too well known to be described, except as we saw him. Often when the President first appeared we had sensations in the pits of our stomachs. He approached with his great barrel-chest advancing ahead of him, ready, we thought, to burst right through his shirt front. The famous face, teeth, eyeglasses and black cords made little impression compared to this tremendous chest. As he left us we would stare at the amazing thickness of his girth, with the two buttons of his frock-coat directly in the middle of his back. He was thick through; we knew it was muscle, not fat.

Sometimes when he first came, it took minutes for us to get used to him. We would stand for a little in awe of him, not of his position but of the man. But it was not long before this restraint wore away. His active hustling, his bursts of laughter, made us forget about him in the fun we were having ourselves. You can imagine the impetus that a mind like T. R.'s could give; the effect upon a small boy was almost too electrifying. It is a curious fact that after being with him for some time, we would break out among ourselves into unreasoning anger and sulk, fight, or execute some high crime.

The first crime I remember was directed toward Andrew Jackson, or toward his portrait in the upper hall. Some very fine shots had been made with spitballs, and soon he was so

covered with them that we dragged a chair under the portrait to arrange the wet lumps in designs — three on his forehead, "like an Arabian dancer," Quentin said; one on the lobe of each ear, a poultice of masticated newspaper on the end of his nose "to scare the flies away", and a gob on each of the gold buttons painted on his uniform. It was a startling thing when he was finished; we were proud of our handiwork. As we regarded him, T. R. stepped unexpectedly out of the elevator and turned to walk strenuously across the hall to his rooms. He waved to us, grinned, stopped under the portrait, took off his glasses, rubbed them with a handkerchief, put them back on his nose and looked Andrew Jackson in the face. All this in terrible silence.

"WHO threw the first one?" he asked fiercely.

Quentin, Charlie and Dick all answered together. "Impossible!" T. R. said, his voice ringing harshly down the hall. "It's all very sporting to try to take the blame from one another but I — want — the — truth!"

"I think I did," Quentin said.

"You *tbink*!"

"Yessir —"

"I — I — (he pronounced it "Aice") don't like this!" T. R. said. "There is some uncertainty, some reluctance. This is a case for trial. Oyez! Oyez! This Honorable Court—"

An usher came down the hall with a message for the President, and grinned at all of us and especially at Andrew Jackson. "Later, later —" T. R. said, impatiently. "Tell him I'm giving justice —"

The President sat in the armchair

under the portrait. "Now the truth of this," he demanded. "Just think how I would feel if you rowdies, you gangsters, you villains, threw spitballs at my portrait!"

This amused Quentin vastly. "You wouldn't mind a bit," he said. "And Andrew Jackson doesn't know — he's dead —"

"What? No: I suppose I really wouldn't mind! You're right, of course, about his being dead, but how do you know he doesn't know? But boys, this isn't your portrait — it belongs to the Government. You're a very small shareholder in it. However, in selecting Jackson as your target, he's the best President I know to sling things at: but you must not in the future —" And he read us a vigorous lecture on respect for property which I shall never forget. The finding of the Court was "Guilty! Altogether Guilty!" and the sentence: "Quentin may not see any of his friends for one week. You boys are his friends, so you cannot come to the White House for seven whole days." Abruptly he left us, teeth flashing under his moustache, saying over his shoulder, "The Truth! The Truth! Next time be quicker with the Truth!"

WE STOOD for a moment in silence before the portrait and then began to take the spitballs down, being very careful. We felt the justice of the reproof and the weight of the punishment. Portraits were henceforth taboo. Then Quentin used one of his quaint words. "The truth is," he said, "father just *abhors* Jackson!"

Though it was our habit and inclination, usually, to tell the truth, we often found it necessary to be careful with its use. There was, for

instance, the case of a running fight between the Americans and the Spanish through the great hall of the living quarters on the second floor. Charlie, in the rôle of Spaniard, stumbled and was caught by Q. R., who stood over him brandishing a drawn sabre. This sabre was, as Q. had said a moment before, a relic. He had been yelling, "Step up and see the i-d-e-n-t-i-c-a-l sword carried by Colonel Thee-a-door Rooos-velt in the cap-ture of San Juan Hill! See it! See it! Don't shove! Admission one nickel, five cents, only one-twentieth of a dollah! Step up! Step up!" The sabre had a sharp cutting edge and when Quentin flicked Charlie with it blood immediately appeared across his cheek.

CHARLIE had been doubly killed, because I had just placed the cold blue muzzle of a revolver — presented, as the engraved inscription in English read, by the Emperor of Japan to the President of the United States — to the back of his head, and had pulled the trigger repeatedly.

We stood transfixed by the blood on the sabre blade, on Charlie's face, dripping down over his collar upon his blouse and the rug. The first guilty thought was that we would be discovered with the sabre, which we knew was taboo when we took it from the top of a mantel. Our handkerchiefs failed to staunch the blood, but we discovered the wound was not so deep.

"Lord!" Q. said suddenly. "Somebody is coming, down the end of the hall!"

"I fell on a chair," Charlie said with complete presence of mind.

That was it! Immediately we upset a chair, and smeared some of Charlie's

blood on one of its brass feet, while Quentin dashed back to return the sabre and revolver. We were hardly arranged and clustered around Charlie when the usher discovered us and rushed the wounded Spaniard into Mrs. Roosevelt's rooms for first aid. "They knocked over a chair, Mrs. Roosevelt," the usher said. "Evidently he fell against it—" Evidently! The evidence had it; we were reprov'd but no questions asked. We sat around doing nothing whatever for half an hour afterwards, looking at the plaster across Charlie's cheek.

OF MRS. ROOSEVELT it is more than difficult to speak, just as it is for some men to speak of their mothers, with moderation. I remember T. R. calling her "Edith". The name was particularly beautiful as he used it. Small boys are responsive to the feeling in a voice or a word, and we caught all the subtlety of the inflections. We grew to love her, an affection the years cannot disturb, because she was gracious, happy, and above all interested in us.

Theodore, Jr., Alice, Kermit, Ethel and Archie, the Gang rarely saw because they were older. I do not remember that we spoke except to make mutually disparaging remarks. Theodore Jr., an ancient to us, we once mimicked from the safety of a roof balustrade, because of the bull-dog pipe he had brought from Harvard. There was no one we would not imitate, even T. R.

The ushers may remember how four members of the Gang squatted on the carpet of the lower corridor waiting for T. R. to come from his office. Finally he strode down the hall, full-steam ahead, oblivious to doors, because all ways opened miraculously

before him and closed behind him with precision. As he passed we jumped up and followed in single file, mimicking his strenuous pace, arms pumping up and down, our short legs striding as far as they would go. He grinned back across his shoulder and Q., who was directly following, did likewise; the grin passed from boy to boy to me at the end of the procession. I turned and bared my teeth to an usher. We went through two doors this way, the doors remaining open until I had passed grandly through with my chest stuck out and my head held high. Finally T. R. mounted the stairway with the red plush rope, and a sudden idea took us elsewhere.

"Wasn't that simply b-r-e-a-t-h-l-e-s-s?" Quentin said. "Like a King walking through his palace as fast as he pleases with a lot of ushers in frock coats opening doors before he reaches 'em and slamming 'em so he won't get a draft on the back of *the* Royal Head!" There was no question that Q. could see and think.

THE importance of the President was brought home to me at another time, as Q. afterwards remarked, "Most strikingest!" We had been playing in the attic. This is the heaven of the White House. Despite fire and structural hazards, the original architects and builders of the mansion deserve a vote of thanks from the Gang for this attic. Until modernized by Coolidge it was the father of all attics in America. It had great wide spaces and distances, no cleaning could remove the musty smells, the occasional cobwebs and spiders; it was crammed full of mysterious stuff. When you stopped to think, little trembles ran up and down your spine

because here was the best roosting place for all the occupants of the White House since the beginning. Parts of it were always dark. These places we sometimes explored with flashlights. Better than all for practical purposes of play, there were cedar chests, some empty, some full and all — to make assurance doubly sure — smelling of moth-balls as well as cedar. It was thrilling to open one of these chests with only a flashlight to examine the contents.

THERE were several open knife-switches which controlled lights. In the late winter afternoons all of the attic was dark and it was a favorite trick to “douse the glim”, throwing the whole cavern of the attic into the most complete blackness. It was thrilling because it was scarey. Every member of the Gang was afraid to be afraid and there would be rough-house until someone located the switch again. It was a trick, too, to find it with your fingers without getting a shock.

T. R. would sometimes make a break in his official afternoon to play with us. On this occasion he suddenly appeared in his shirt-sleeves and vest with his frock-coat dragging from his arm. It was our signal for flight. He threw the coat away and chased us, growling ferociously. I was hiding behind a post and saw Sailor closely persued by T. R. I saw he was going to be caught, and I saw the switch at the same moment. I pulled it: immediate darkness and wild shrieks of delight from the Gang. Just then there was a loud smack, as of an irresistible President striking an immovable post.

“By George! By George! By

George!” T. R. bellowed from the centre of the attic. “Lights! Lights! Turn on the lights! This is worse — worse than all I’ve heard of darkest Africa!”

Still proud of my cleverness, I pushed back the switch to see the President leaning against a pillar some ten feet away, with his hand over his face. There was a nail in the side of the post just about the height of his eyes; it was amazing he had not struck it. I felt suddenly faint.

“When a block of wood meets a block of wood there’s bound to be a headache,” T. R. said, cheerfully enough. “I’m quite all right, but never, n-e-v-e-r, NEVER again turn off the light when somebody is near a post!”

HE LEFT US to go downstairs to bathe his face. Then the Gang descended upon me. I should be punished for my thoughtlessness. The Gang lectured me with the new knowledge they and I had just acquired. I felt the justice of their remarks enough to be fighting mad. Fists struck out, and there was kicking and hair-pulling until I was smothered by bodies, arms and legs, and carried still protesting to the nearest cedar chest. They threw me in, shoved me down and sat on the lid to keep me there.

At first the moth-balls were pun-gently pleasant, then it got hotter and hotter, not so easy to breathe. I kicked on the inside of the lid with my toes and hammered with my fists, but the Gang responded by drumming their heels on the side of the chest and dinned out my noises. I was gasping for air, and frightened. It was as black in there as the grave, except for queer electric flashes before my eyes. I

wasted my strength by desperately trying to lift the lid. The Gang sat tight. I was suffocating.

Suddenly the lid opened and T. R. looked down into my face. He was quick with his handkerchief, too, wiping my face, and almost as quick to say "He's broken out in a sweat! The moth-balls got into his eyes and made them water!" to explain his wiping away my tears. I thought that was fine of him.

"Shutting boys up in cedar chests," T. R. said, "is strictly forbidden for more than sixty seconds — henceforth!"

"Henceforth!" the Gang echoed, and Quentin added, "Forevermore!" and swore "By Buzzard!" "Buzzard" was the golden eagle flashing his wings atop the flagpole rising from the roof, where we often played. Somewhere in these upper regions there was a skylight opening through which we could look down into the main hall of the living quarters on the second floor.

I REMEMBER how from this point of vantage we once saw Mrs. Roosevelt sitting at a tea-table directly under the skylight. Beside her sat an Italian diplomat wearing his monocle, and balancing his cup in his hand. Another guest was sitting facing them, an army officer, for we could see the bright yellow cavalry stripe on his blue trouser-leg. The Italian's monocle convulsed us. Our own monocles, crystals from old watches, we promptly stuck in our eyes and, thus adorned, we lined up along the edge of the skylight to watch our diplomat and copy his gestures. Quentin, at first softly, began to talk what he fondly imagined to be Italian. The syllables were too sonorous for us to remain silent and

soon we were all gibbering away louder and louder.

"Quentin!" Mrs. Roosevelt called, and four small boys, each with a glittering monocle in his eye, suddenly brought back to earth, stared down from the edge of the skylight. The Italian opened his eyes wide and dropped his eye-glass into his tea. We could not restrain a shout. The Italian threw his head back and laughed with us, and said: "Mrs. Roosevelt, I beg of you, will you not command those monkeys to come to tea with those things in their eyes?" Later we watched him drive away, grinning to himself, as Q. said, "Like a cheetah"; very probably delighted that he had an authentic White House story to tell upon himself.

I DO not remember that we were ever intentionally rude; but when occasionally we met rudeness in others our resentment was unbounded because we had come to believe that we personally owned the White House and its grounds. Once, when the garden was being groomed for the spring concerts of the Marine Band, for garden parties and functions, we took the law into our own hands to punish lese-majesty. Two plumbers were astride the pipes in the center of the great south fountain. Naturally, we wanted to know all about what they were doing to our fountain. We shouted our questions across to them from the stone coping, but soon they ran dry of answers and became annoyed.

"Go away!" one of them ordered. "Get out of here! Don't bother us! Can't you young fools see we've work to do?"

We were speechless with rage.

Didn't they know who we were? "Don't answer them!" Q. said fiercely. "By Buzzard! We'll show 'em who's boss around here! We'll put the sinister on 'em. We'll teach 'em to talk like that never again!"

HE LED us behind a clump of evergreens where an iron door on hinges in concrete was sunk in the ground. Our combined strength managed to lift it open, pulling out a cast iron key longer than any of us, which we fitted into a square valve-head. The key stood straight up, with wide arms for a firm grip. But we could not budge it. Q. grew purple in the face. "In the Navy," he said, "when they strike something that won't work, they curse it around. Now! Together! Curse! and pull! — uungh! C-u-r-s-e! P-u-l-l! CURSE!" Our anger and violence did the trick. It moved and we turned it briskly as far as it would go. We peeped through the evergreens to watch the men at the fountain. It must have taken five more seconds for the accident to happen. Rusty water came gushing out of the cluster of pipes on which the men sat. One was lifted clear off his seat by the force of it, the other slid backwards on his head. Then the fountain rose majestically high to fall back in beautiful streams and spray on the men struggling to get out.

We cheered, and ran. We ran straight toward the White House with the two men after us. Q. laughed so hard he had no breath left for running and the Gang took turns dragging him. We reached the safety of the south portico and the men, wetter and wiser, went back to shut off the water and find their tools, if they could, in the rusty pool of the basin.

For some days we kept out of the garden. We feared punishment because there were rumors in the wind of an expedition soon aboard the *Sylph*. She is now the official yacht of the Secretary of the Navy, the *Mayflower* being used by the President. Once, while we were cruising aboard the *Sylph* far below Mount Vernon, a trim sloop put about and tacked up close to us, knowing who we were. A man and a woman, a little girl and a boy, all in spotless white with sun-browned arms and faces, stood up to salute us, and T. R. came to the rail to shout as enthusiastic a greeting as theirs to us.

"You're brown as Moors!" T. R. called.

"You're red as a beet!" said the boy in the sloop, to his family's tremendous embarrassment. T. R.'s laugh could have been heard in Washington.

ONE expedition to an obscure landing place down river combined all the incidents common to these trips into one of the most boy-satisfying days I have ever known. It was T. R. himself who suggested Adventure with a capital A and Romance written in gold, on a smooth river in a glistening white and brass yacht flying the flag of the ruler of the water and the shores we were passing.

He said to Quentin: "See those dark clouds against the sun? It is on days like these that pirates like to plot their n-e-f-a-r-i-o-u-s schemes." That was enough. T. R. had planted the seed which germinated in the minds of the Gang before many minutes passed. We assigned names and ranks, duties, and began to formulate plans. T. R. sat back delighted until he could no longer

keep out of it, and then he called the Captain from the bridge, and named him Captain "Sinkem." This Pirate Captain broke out a new accomplishment — speaking out of the side of his mouth — and called for the charts of the river and the terrain where we planned to land. We all put our heads together over the maps and T. R. marked with his pencil the position of a non-existent fort we were to attack, as he said, "for gold buried therein."

QUENTIN's hair stood up on end. Slim's eyes were glassy with excitement. T. R. quivered all over with interest. Charlie, practical but no less enjoying it, began to consider where cutlasses and pistols could be found, left for us by our fellow-conspirators ashore. We landed according to plan with "muffled oars" in a "glassy cove", T. R. ordering "any pirate who gets his feet wet in landing will be sent back to the lugger, by George! and locked in the lazaretto!" to the restrained grins of the sailors of the *Sylph*, regular Navy men, rowing us ashore. Just as we landed, "Sinkem" showed his understanding and genius by firing six shots in quick succession from his saluting-gun. The crashes filled the whole river and echoed back from the woods. We cheered and rushed across the beach, protected as we knew by the off-shore fire of our ship. In the underbrush we found as many branches and sticks as we needed for pistols and cutlasses. T. R. had a longer cutlass than any of us, and a stick with a knob he stuck in his belt for pistol.

For an hour or more we floundered through underbrush, skirmished along woods-overgrown roads, came into a clearing where there was a deserted

log-cabin, and attacked it by an encircling movement directed by T. R.'s shouts, captured it and sat in the trash inside, tired but supremely happy. When we were finally discovered from the bridge of the *Sylph* coming back in single file in triumph along the road to the landing and a boat started back for us, and the yacht broke out every inch of bunting, signals and national flags she carried, the expedition was as perfect as anything I have ever known. T. R. danced in the dust as pleased as we. Herein lay the wonderful part of it. Can you wonder the Gang loved, worshipped and remained loyal to him — always?

THERE was ever a touch of sadness to temper these expeditions. Always when the *Sylph* passed Mount Vernon the ship's bell would toll. Off T. R.'s hat would come, if he wore one, with reverence and respect, and all talk would cease for a moment. He explained it to us in this way: "That's tolling the bell for the soul of a great man. Now we're passing his house, all the things he loved, his body, too, which he had to leave behind him. Wouldn't it be fine if you and I grew up to be so respected? Now you may not be able to get thousands to respect you, like Washington, but you can begin by getting two or three, maybe six or a dozen — that's fine, too! Sometimes as fine. Think of that!" I have often thought.

So pirates it was for many afternoons afterward, with variations, until a water-pistol fight in the East Room was brought to the attention of the chief usher, and the room was made out of bounds. Such things as squirting water on walls by mistake could be forgiven. Accidents would

naturally happen. I nearly lost my membership when Quentin and I crashed bicycles in the east corridor and we brought down a great potted palm upon us. The red carpet leading from the Treasury side made the best possible straightaway indoor bicycle track. I fully appreciate now, with so many beautiful and historic things in the White House, how miraculous were the accidents which never happened.

ONCE we let ourselves down into the awning over the portico from a second story window. This was easy because the awning was fastened against the wall close under the window-sills. It billowed like a great sail down to the pole holding the outside edge. It was safe enough to slide into because the heavy canvas sagged with our weight so that once in it we lay below the edge; we would have to climb over to fall out. We lay there, some fifteen or eighteen feet above the floor of the portico and twenty-five more, perhaps, to the ground, in the biggest hammock in the world. The thick columns of the portico rose around us in a semi-circle up to the roof.

We could watch carriages in the trees south of the gardens, an occasional motorcar, the figures of sightseers gawking through the fence; and beyond was the white shaft of the Washington Monument rising out of the green into the blue. We could not read the books we had brought with us because the glare on the white page was blinding. A little breeze from the Treasury side finally died and made it hotter afterwards. Q. remarked that the awning was, after all, there to keep the sun off, and we were on the wrong side of it.

Quentin said he was thirsty and Charlie pulled out some lemon drops, but they did not help our thirst at all. There was no getting away from the sun, it was blazing hot, we were dripping with perspiration, and we noticed we were slowly turning red. Charlie said he was going back through the window, when we suddenly discovered the awning sagged so that it slipped him easily and gently back to where he had started. We tried to gather the material in our fists for a grip, but our weight and the weight of the pole on the outside edge held the canvas taut.

WE WERE afraid to pull ourselves up the edges, for they looked tricky, and the sweat came out in the palms of our hands when we thought of the drop. We all tried crawling, unsuccessfully. Charlie had the practical thought that, by standing on each other's shoulders as we lay in the awning, one of us could reach the window-sill and then find a rope or something to pull the others up. But Quentin made the horrid suggestion that the weight of two of us on the shoulders of the third might be enough to push him off the edge. So we did not try that. It looked as though we had to lie there in that sizzling sun. Q. said, "We oughtn't to be here, you know, so we can't just yell for help. They won't find us until they get an a-p-p-r-o-p-r-i-a-t-i-o-n for a new awning, years and years! If we could only be sure of waving to someone who'd *keep his mouth shut!*"

We lay and lay and thirsted and starved and fried and thought and argued and quarreled over what to do, how long we did not know, until we heard voices on the south portico under us saying how cool it was and how beautiful the view and so on. We

kept perfectly still, lying on our backs with our arms over our faces to save our eyes from the sun, until suddenly all conversation below us ceased and Quentin said, "By Buzzard! They're gone! By Buzzard!" But help had also gone.

There was a laugh below us and we knew someone was pointing up to the three shadows and the three bumps in the awning above them. We wriggled, trying to lie more quietly. There were calls to us and more laughter. We did not reply. Then ladies in summer dresses assembled in the garden to look up at us. Quentin turned over on his bright red face to hide his embarrassment. Finally two ushers let a rope down from the window we had used, ordered us to loop it around our waists for safety, and one by one we were hauled ignominiously through the window. There was no punishment for the exploit: perhaps highest authority knew we had suffered enough. We had; our humiliation was worse.

WHEN punishment was due, in every case it fell upon the whole membership of the Gang. T. R. once fined us the contents of our pockets, when he saw they were lumpy, and took the fine on the spot. Itemized, they proved to be: half a dozen large tacks, suitable for sitting on; a couple of yards of red, white and blue cord, either for piping the servants' livery or for tying up important State papers such as treaties; one quite dead field mouse awaiting burial; two water-pistols, loaded; one Greek coin, ancient; one sling-shot and five smooth pebbles; a handbill of a Washington tailor whose trade-mark was a smiling moon; a One Hundred

Dollar bill of the Confederate States of America; one clay pipe which looked as though it had been recently smoked; three inches of chain from a bathroom fixture; one old wallet with a string tied to it for dropping on sidewalks and jerking away when anyone reached to pick it up — and there were other things I cannot remember.

T. R. laid this collection all out in careful museum fashion, including the mouse, on a desk in the Executive Office, and displayed it proudly to all comers. When he returned the objects to us — everything but the mouse, which presumably he had caused to be buried as no mention was made of it — he said: "The exhibition has paid for itself; indeed it has been shown to some profit because it was generally held to be the best of its particular class in the world. I have had opinion from three Senators, five Representatives, numerous officers of the Army and the Navy, besides one from a p-o-l-i-t-i-c-a-l d-e-p-u-t-a-t-i-o-n. The least I can do is to return these things to their rightful owners, who have been sufficiently punished by being deprived of their use from the afternoon of one day to the afternoon of the next."

THE Gang carried on when the Roosevelts left Washington and the Tafts took over the ruling of our then-known earth, but somehow the days of riotous adventure had gone forever. Quentin was no longer with us, and Charlie was soon away at school; the boys were growing older. The Gang just naturally died when the small boys in us began to fade away.

In Defense of Housewives

BY RUTH STEELE BROOKS

*Are American home-makers developing an inferiority complex?
One of them compares her lot with the business woman's
envied freedom and discovers large compensations*

THE desirability of woman's working outside the home, at the proverbial "gainful occupations" — trailing its problem of careers *versus* households — has ceased to be a mooted question. However we may view the matter, whether for or against, it is a *fait accompli* and by all reasonable people accepted as such. Today, it is the status of the woman who is homemaker to the exclusion of any share in the money-getting, which calls for discussion, partly because of the unrest in her ranks, partly because of the attitude of the world at large toward her work. At the risk of being branded Victorian, in the present tide which sweeps all women into business, when one must have a profession of some sort to be able to hold up one's head among one's feminine friends, I venture a word to those who, like myself, meekly and somewhat apologetically withal, write "housewife" on tax returns, registration blanks and other prying documents.

The fact is, we housekeepers are, to a great extent, the victims of a wrong psychology, of a sort of inferiority complex, to use that threadbare

expression. For we are apt, in this utilitarian age, because we are the recipients of no weekly or monthly cheque, to esteem too greatly the work of those who are. Because our compensation is in kind rather than in cash, we tend to undervalue both it and the labor involved. I know that there exists, only too often, a feeling of pique, even on the part of the most happily married women, a sort of envy of their feminine business friends with their careers and their much boasted opportunities!

BUT when all is said and done, is it a narrow and unimportant concern to manage your housewell, with all that that implies? Can we blame others for the general low opinion (I grant it) which is held of our work when we ourselves are not really convinced of its vital importance? If we do not regard our task highly, can we ask that others should? Between you and me, there is at bottom a very genuine respect for our job; even the business women feel it! For whether they go back to their own homes or to a rented room, they are all dependent on the spirit of what they go back to, and

the temper of that spirit is our responsibility, whether we would or no.

The whole point of the matter is that we, too, should conceive of our work, as a profession, one of the most honorable in existence, certainly the oldest! And why shouldn't we regard it so? Is it not, when you come to think of it, a composite of many of the professions which women pride themselves on practicing? Doctor, nurse, dietitian, chemist, chef, modiste, economist, teacher, interior decorator; and, one might add, in many cases, architect and landscape gardener. These are but a few of the lines along which the average housekeeper and mother of a family may be called upon to exercise her talents, anyone of which is considered a thoroughly reputable calling.

THE fact is that the good housekeeper of today is in the advance guard of the present educational trend. She believes in the theory of general practice as against over-specialization. Instead of knowing only one of these things exceptionally well, to the exclusion of all the others (the kind of an education Germany gave our Ph.D.'s for so many years, and against which the present tide is turning), she must have a thorough working knowledge of them all. She must be enough of a doctor to give first aid to cuts and bumps and scraped knees, enough of a nurse to carry her children through the minor ailments most youngsters have, not to mention the more serious illnesses in the family where the budget will not stand the strain of a trained nurse. She must be dietitian and chef combined, with a moderate knowledge of vitamins and calories, and chemist

enough, in this dieting age, to have a bowing acquaintance with starches and fats, to be able to plan well-balanced meals and cook them properly. No one questions the advantage of her knowing something of the art of dressmaking, and being a judge of materials, nor the necessity of her acquaintance with ideas of economy, since it is she who does most of the family spending. As for teaching, it has long been granted that a child's home training is quite as important as that of the schools, if not more so. Now isn't this, on the whole, a career of broad scope?

AND what of the incessant talk of en-
 A vying men in business their broad-
 ening contact with the world — their
 freedom from domestic cares? How
 often is it as broadening and beneficial
 as the endless platitudes about it
 would lead us to believe? Let us face
 the facts squarely. When an advocate
 of this point of view states her case,
 she paints it rosily: A man leaving
 home at a comfortable hour after a
 leisurely breakfast which his wife has
 cooked, for a comfortable office where
 everything goes smoothly; taking
 what time he likes for luncheon, pos-
 sibly at his club, where he discusses
 politics, the President's latest speech,
 tax reduction and the like: then his
 coming home at the early end of a
 comfortable day — comfort looms
 large — to a harassed wife, who
 hasn't been able so much as to look
 out of the window since he left in the
 morning. The truth is that things in
 this world are not so unevenly divided
 as to the sexes. About the same pro-
 portion of men are able to lead the
 kind of life just described as of
 women who are running their houses

with the assistance of several maids. Such reasoning is neither sound nor fair.

Just how common is this type of business man? It is well known that comparatively few men have "white-collar jobs," and certainly most of those who have are not, by any stretch of the imagination, to be classified with the above! Clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, accountants, salesmen, are they so particularly well off in stuffy, grummy offices? Is there no narrowing routine in their lives? This applies to business women as well!

CONSIDER still another type of man, far more numerous, the majority of male America. He gets up around six (in winter it is still dark), dresses hurriedly, looks after the fires, gulps his breakfast, rushes off in all weathers to catch a trolley or make a train, arriving at his factory to punch the time clock and begin work. Is the routine of the housekeeper to be compared with the work of these men; many of whom, for example, spend their eight hour day pulling a lever, or turning a screw, never so much as seeing the finished product of their labor? Is this less monotonous than making beds, washing dishes, and setting the house to rights? In the latter one can at least see and enjoy the results of her own effort. If cooking seems tedious, and you wish you might never see a pie again, at any rate you have the satisfaction of making a finished product, with a personal interest in the outcome! On my short commuting trips into the city, passing near the windows of numerous factories, filled with ear-splitting noise or the sickening smell

of chemicals, many poorly lighted and badly aired, I confess to feeling that we wives have decidedly the best of it! For when the wage earner is off to his work, and the children started to school, the housekeeper is her own mistress. She can choose the order of her tasks. There is no time clock for her to punch; other than the necessity for definite hours for meals she can plan her own day — ease up if she likes, and save a difficult task for tomorrow. Not so with her man! He dares not stay away from work unless he is really ill, else his pay envelope, and consequently his family, suffers. He it is who bears the responsibility for food, roof, and apparel.

THERE is, moreover, a certain distinction to the housewife's profession which is lacking, as a rule, in that of her husband, or her business sisters. Understand, please, that in referring to the housewife, or the profession of housekeeping, no discrimination is made between those who do the actual work themselves and those who have some or all of it done for them. The virtue is not in the doing of the manual labor. It lies rather in the final thing evolved, the consummate home, or the approach to it, and that, we all know, consists of something more than bed and board. It often takes more ability to run a large house well, with numerous servants, than is required of the housekeeper of a small family who does everything herself.

Now this distinction of which I speak lies in a certain spiritual something demanded of her, quite beyond manual labor, business sense or clerical wit. It is she who must create the atmosphere of the house, and this duty, common to all of us who follow

the profession, whether conscious of it or not, is the binding tie between us, however much our worldly affairs may differ. Tagore puts it deftly in *Women and Home*:

Their activity is not for money-making or organizing-power, but for establishing and maintaining human relationships requiring the highest moral qualities. It is the consciousness of the spiritual character of their life's work which lifts them above the utilitarian standard of the immediate and the passing and surrounds them with the dignity of the eternal. . . . The permanent significance of home is not in the narrowness of its enclosure, but in an eternal moral idea.

Truly, then, to be a really successful homemaker one should be able to add a certain spiritual quality to the many qualifications mentioned earlier. Can one say it more nearly than Coleridge's line: "Plain sense, measure, clearness, dignity — grace over all!" What a phrase that, grace over all! That graciousness above and beyond all the other qualities which make a house a home! The professions which call out these finer qualities in us are rare. This should be counted as an additional asset by those who follow the chief of them.

THERE is something akin to this which belongs just here, and that is the opportunity we women have to do the everyday things in a gracious and lovely way. Ours is the one profession which can eliminate the ugliness of much of our present-day living. Surely it provides an outlet for our love of beauty and for any artistic bent we may have! The first essential of beauty is order; and order is the prime requisite of good housekeeping! To be concrete, it is the woman, largely, who decides on the furnishings of the house, who replaces the worn and

shabby with the new. To her, then, falls the duty of intelligently training her taste so that, through careful purchasing, however little she has to spend, she may achieve a harmonious and attractive whole, not vulgarized by her having accepted thoughtlessly or in ignorance whatever passing fashion dictates in the way of furniture, wall paper, draperies, china. Hers is the chance to disseminate good taste, the lack of which, today, is one of the glaring defects of our civilization.

As we homemakers are responsible for the surroundings of the family life, so, also, must we in a great measure answer for the way in which the leisure hours of the household are spent. If we have intellectual interests ourselves, the chances are that we can awaken and foster them in our children, and keep them alive in our husbands, however busy they may be. I do not mean by this anything "high brow", although in many circles nowadays whoever reads a book comes into that category! I only hold that it is possible to have such interests and content at home that the whole family will not want to rush off to the movies every night the moment dinner is over. If America is to become something other than a nation of movie devotees, baseball fans and speeding motorists, we women must bear, in larger part than we now do, the responsibility of guarding the leisure hours.

THIS brings us to another aspect of the whole problem of housewifery — one which many of us, in the mere repetition of worn out phrases about its dullness, its narrowness, its wearisome routine, are apt to lose sight of. The fact is, and the sooner we recog-

nize it the better, that as we are set free, more and more, by modern labor saving devices, from the *manual* side of housework, so much the more will be expected of us on the *intellectual* — if that isn't too pretentious a word! (Today, the leisure which generations of women have bemoaned is being poured into our laps; are we to fill it solely with bridge and cinema?) Anyone at present who regards our work as merely unintelligent drudgery has advanced little beyond the stone age.

THE woman who is a good housekeeper in the narrow sense is no longer considered the paragon she once was. Something more is expected of her. Part of that something is a feeling of responsibility to society at large — a sense of the dependence of that society upon the kind of home each individual member creates. We have all been brought up on the adage that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." If this be true — why is not the reverse equally true and worth applying in our every day social relations?

Each of us who follows the profession of homemaker should strive to create a center of *good* communications — on the theory of a little leaven leavening the whole — a nucleus as it were, where harmony and cheerfulness can thrive, and where friends and acquaintances like to be. In other words, good housekeeping means planting a bacillus of order, harmony, comfort and friendliness in the body social.

The value of models is recognized in every other business and profession. Our great shops in their effort to demonstrate the charm of attractive house furnishings, build and fit up

rooms of actual size, in perfect running order, so as to appeal to the imagination of the people seeing them. This same principle applies to our social relations. If we are much thrown with people who have a happiness and content (this has no bearing on money, understand) which we somehow miss, and for no apparent reason, are we not inclined to question ourselves to see wherein we are lacking, and to emulate their spirit?

I WAS told recently of a case in point. It was of two young engaged people who often dropped in for tea or dinner in a quite informal way with some mutual friends who had been some years married. The girl, knowing my affection for this same pair, told me her fiance's comment on the household. "If we," he said, "can only team together as those two! So many common interests, such a warm and cheery welcome for friends, such good talk, always amusing, never malicious!" Evidently the seed had fallen on good ground!

And so, in the face of the many things expected of housewives, the many important things to which no one else can attend, and which really come within the broad scope of home duties, surely none can deny the opportunity, nay, the necessity for all-round development which this commonest of professions offers; profession whose ideal is perhaps best expressed by the holding fast to "whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report". And we who practice it should carry our heads the higher, and say, with George Herbert:

Who sweeps a room as for Thy law
Makes that and th' action fine.

One Increasing Christmas

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Evening carols in a remote mountain town suggest the striking and increasing renaissance, even in a materialistic world, of the old dream-pictures of Bethlehem

IT is a little college town, lost in the oak forests of a Southern mountain top. Christmas Eve is bright with stars. Clear on the outdoor stillness comes music, which brings us in the listening houses to window and porch, for this is no ordinary carol singing. Chance has brought together a band of voices as carefully trained as they are poignantly reverent. A soprano once heard on the Metropolitan stage lends its gold to the beauty of *Silent Night* and *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*. A tenor whose richness once filled a cathedral is singing in our woodland hush the words of King Wenceslas:

Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou knowst it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
What and where his dwelling?

Clear and liquid as a mountain brook, a girl's voice, fresh from Parisian discipline, answers out of the starry dark,

Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes's fountain.

Silvery echoes seemed still to cling about our shadowy oaks as the carol-

lers returned to their cars and chugged off to continue their singing pilgrimage. To me there on the dusky porch they left a curious blend of Christmas thoughts. Strange successors these to legendary heralds once singing out from the stars above another little hill-top village; very different successors, also, to a much nearer tradition.

WHEN I was a little girl, my mother's account of Christmas waits, a stranded group of English immigrants in a Pennsylvania mining town, sounded to my entranced ears almost as far-removed and magical as the story of the herald angels. At that time and for long afterward, I knew no instance of Christmas Eve minstrels anywhere; today there is hardly a city or town or village in which groups composed of the finest voices in the community are not out proclaiming the Christmas message under the stars. It has become a beautiful commonplace that such bands should go carolling beneath the windows of jails and hospitals and sick-rooms.

Our new-old wait-singing is only one instance of a revival of Christmas too little noted, a revival with a differ-

ence. If we would only open our holden eyes, we might see the black imprisoning materialism of today pierced at many spots with starry pin-points of light. Insistently as old carols now float silvery through the dark, Christmas is coming back to us. It is coming back with a new refinement, a new apprehension of its spirit that is as different from the noisier, grosser celebration belonging to our childhood as was the earnest comic crudity of immigrant waits from the dedicated culture of the voices heard on this last Christmas Eve. There are many ways in which this new-old Christmas can be observed. A generation ago we did not set candles in our windows, and a Community Christmas tree was not yet imagined. A generation ago the midnight service of Christmas Eve had not become a custom extending the length and breadth of the land.

LET us stop a moment in our diatribes against the rapaciousness of this age, and realize how many, many people, on one midnight of the year, have wrenched themselves free of the money bags and for an hour are kneeling in selfless communion of saints before humanity's blazing vision of a God born in a stable. It may be that the candles now shining from altar and window sill on one night out of all the year may some time cast a radiance back into the past, forward into the future, that shall light the portentous tapestry of history like a golden thread.

Instances of the renaissance of Christmas may occur to anyone of us who will but stop and examine that holiday as it is now affecting our own neighborhood and family and friends. Anyone of us may note the present

reaction against those whorls of red ribbon and tissue paper that only a few years ago tended to occupy us all so feverishly in the pre-holiday season. There is now a deep inner rebellion against any preoccupation with gift-giving that harasses the spirit. It is as if a baby hand laid its light touch on our over-busy hearts, asking for our stillness. Christmas also tends today to spread farther than our family, and farther than our friends, out into the wider reaches of human brotherhood.

THE Shop Early campaign is not merely a commercial slogan; when we shop early and mail early we are definitely remembering exhausted shop girls and tired mail clerks. Twenty years ago we accepted these quite selfishly as necessary adjuncts to the world's festival. Christmas trees used to decorate only our own hearth-sides, but now our impulse to carry the Yuletide message beyond our own circle out to a wider family makes us string electric bulbs in the evergreens at our gates, to cheer the unknown passer-by. Anyone who will lift his eyes may see everywhere evidences of that new, more aspirant Christmas spirit which, in some deep instinct, is striving to make the day shine out ever brighter against the darkness of the year.

As I look back on the popular attitude toward Christmas, as it can be observed from the single angle of my own life time, I seem to detect certain trends as elusive to follow as some bright recurrent thread in a fabric. In my childhood Christmas was a robust family holiday, characterized by family giving, and by family eating, but not extending very far beyond the group of one's kin. Carols were con-

fined to the Sunday School, and we counted our Christmas cards by fives, not by hundreds. Christmas still retained much of its hearty pagan character, and the story of the birth of Jesus was no more questioned by my contemporary grown-ups than by my own six-year-old intelligence. I wonder if any of us quite remember when the literal colors and shapes of the Nativity story, the kneeling Magi, the odor of frankincense, the prickling straw, the breathing of cattle, began to fade out of our religious thinking. Education, association, scientific habits of mind inescapable in this day, had dominated us many a year before they really affected the hold upon us of the Yuletide chronicle. We had argued for or against the Virgin Birth and reached our conclusions, long before we realized the import of our arguments for our life-long conception of Christmas. When we did realize this, there came, I fancy, for many of us a shattering of dreams far more devastating than we should have anticipated.

Hark, the herald angels sing!

But angels had long become mere literary allusion. Perhaps there were for others as for me long years when we went through the December holidays perfunctorily, disillusioned and wistful.

Now it appears that as slowly, as imperceptibly as once it faded, there is coming to us a renewal of our childhood's attitude toward Christmas, but it is a renewal with a difference. It is an amazing fact that a new reverence for the inner significance of the Nativity story should be manifesting itself at the very moment when the literal facts of that story are being

doubted and denied as never before. There must be strange, indestructible elements in the narrative of Bethlehem to make it so enduring a dream. How can anyone explain the mysterious revival of Christmas in this darkening day and in this cynical generation, so prone to riddle all dreams and to disparage all religion? This is the question that the Christmas carollers of our little village left echoing in my mind, as their music floated away among the shadowy oak boughs.

THE study of Christmas as a shining date growing ever clearer and more significant in human thought, is the study of a dream. And the dreams of humanity are tricky things to examine, not susceptible to argument or statistics. One may hazard only guesses into the subtleties of human wistfulness. It is a curiously interesting search to gaze far back into the dusk of history as slowly, hesitantly Christmas appears. The first Christians had no Christmas. Only as Christianity becomes a securely established religion can one perceive in that early darkness one day begin to gleam out faintly, as if it were a delicate, isolated thread of gold, glinting on some shadowy fabric, shining ever brighter as it recurs through the advancing centuries. Even now, after two thousand years, the gold of Christmas can be observed still invincibly weaving its way into the texture of harsh materialist thought. Never has humanity had so persistent a dream as that of a peasant baby born to inaugurate the rule of kindness upon earth. Never an age so determinedly mechanistic as our own, and never in history so starkly spiritual a conception of Christmas as exists today. Nothing in all life so gross and

ignominious as the brute facts of human birth, and nothing in all literature so beautiful as the story of that birth which dates our era.

IT CANNOT be too clearly iterated that not until Christianity had become an accepted faith lifted above the hazards of obloquy and persecution could the story of its Founder's birth receive attention. At first only the Cross and the blazing heroism of its sacrifice could nerve men and women to the suffering needed to plant a new religion in pagan soil. The bloody arena stretching before the early Christians afforded neither time nor place for concentration upon a manger. The impulse that first drove the flaming wedge of Jesus's idealism into the decaying ancient world did not come from preaching about a baby, it came from preaching about a man. Not Christmas but Easter is the date for the releasing of a Hebrew carpenter's influence upon history. It is not Christmas that accounts for Christianity, it is Christianity that accounts for Christmas. This is only saying that, historically, it was Jesus's death and resurrection that first laid hold on the imagination of humanity. Hot-foot, hot-heart, His first disciples went telling every street-corner of a Man who had done incredible deeds of mercy and spoken incredible words of kindness. Slowly, steadily, the Man thus proclaimed won His way into temple and home, until acceptance of Him was no longer perilous. Then at last people, at leisure and in safety, could begin to inquire, what of this Man's birth? Not until then did Christmas become a date to be celebrated.

Searching for accounts of a birth, Christianity in its first centuries of

security found a story harmonious in every detail with that Manhood which had nerved its first struggles for existence. That Man had called himself sometimes Lamb of God, sometimes Good Shepherd. What more natural, then, than that shepherds should appear in His birth-story, pressing in from their gaunt midnight pastures? According to all tradition, that Man had displayed a mysterious inner illumination, so that even the learned lawyers begged his secret. It was therefore quite in accord with His character that the light of a star should have revealed His dwelling to wise men searching for Him. This Man had been seen to touch a leper, talk with an outcast woman, dine with the traitor tax-collector; it was therefore in keeping with such manhood practices that He should have been born a lowly baby God in a stable. Looking into their scant records, but looking still more at the Jesus now familiar to them, those early Christians discovered for themselves a birth that accorded with a death, both equally a declaration of good will to men.

THERE is something more astounding than any physical miracle in the fact that the story of His birth given forth long after Jesus's death should so inexplicably harmonize with the story of His life. There is no grossness in the New Testament records of Jesus's nativity. They are accounts so reverent that for two thousand years they have made all birth holy, and have shed the light of kingship upon every human baby.

But it is easier to surmise how Christmas came to be a golden date for those dim, far-off centuries than to explain its renaissance among us today.

Highly developed sophisticates as we are, it is hard for us to acknowledge ourselves dream-ridden as children. Yet our tribute to Christmas today is the revelation of some spiritual impulse within us that no mere logic can explain. Many a hard-headed scientist, laughing at miracle, is nevertheless to be discovered on Christmas Eve stringing bright lights about his lawn to cheer some unknown wayfarer along dim streets. Many a grim materialist, coerced by Christmas, is making some secret gift absurd in its tenderness. The voices that go carolling on Christmas Eve know themselves to be imitating angels, although angels are beings unacknowledged by the intellect. Many a stern believer in a mechanistic universe gives his little son a toy engine on Christmas. If he were consistent, he would not so confirm a superstition in his child's mind.

ARE we all strangely inconsistent at Christmas? Or strangely consistent, false for one day to all our science, and for one gold day of all the year true to humanity's deathless dream? The Christmas dream has endured for twenty centuries. Is it perhaps immortal? Sociology tells us that the family is a decaying institution, and for answer we every year lift higher in our veneration a peasant man and wife and swaddled baby. In every conclave and in every newspaper, rulers declare that our only safety lies in organizing for murder, and within hearing of their cynicism we are listening to angels singing good will to men. Psychology announces that Christianity is dead, and in rebuttal there stretch from end to end of our country on Christmas Eve, the crowded,

kneeling churches. Science tells us God is mere force, and humanity laughs out in Christmas glee and lifts to its heart a warm, white, holy Baby.

STILL dawns yearly upon our human calendar an ever more beautiful Christmas. Clearer, brighter each year there glows upon the dark expanse of time the recurrent luminous picture of a Holy Family. Year by year, those who dare to follow a wandering star, come bringing ever fairer gifts, carols more silvery, worship on every Christmas Eve more humble, window tapers each time more conscious of their meaning. On one day out of all the year we strive to lift high the tribute of a heart kindly to all its fellows.

As we gaze far back we see Christmas at first only a pin-point, a flickering gleam on the dark tapestry of time. Then slowly, steadily, that repeated glow increases, takes warm shape and splendor. Before it, after it, extends the long, long fabric of dark days, fog-ridden or lurid with blood and fighting. But steadfastly the glow of Christmas spreads forward, backward, upon the stretching murk of the years. The old scenes of murder and pillage, of wet swords and bloated money bags, still these weave in and out, in and out, of the ever-unwinding fabric. But whatsoever hand is patterning the endless tapestry of human life is each year irradiating with threads ever more golden the recurring picture of a shining baby in a manger. Back over the black mystery of old years, forward into the black mystery of the years to come, shines ever more confident the golden kindliness of Christmas.

Leadership or Mob Rule?

BY HENRY R. CAREY

The breakdown of democracy in America portrayed in startling contrast—Jefferson compared to Harding, John Marshall to Bryan, Robert Morris to "Bill Vare"

THE good Saint Denis blindly follows his feet. He is utterly confused. A Christian martyr, he is depicted walking with his severed head held in both his hands, wandering, eyeless and senseless, over the gay city of Paris, with no idea whither his unguided limbs are leading him. Whimsically enough, he is the Patron Saint of that most intelligent of nations, France. He should be re-canonized as the Patron Saint of our American Democracy.

For our Democracy is assuredly proceeding without its head. How long, one wonders, can it go on performing this miracle? It is ruled by impulse and the spinal cord, rather than by reason and the brain. The leaders who have guided us by reason and wisdom have, for the most part, passed away.

In our Government and politics, national and local, there is no real leadership today. We are managed by demagogues and buffoons. Let us compare some of the old leaders with the new. Match, for example, Caleb Cushing, diplomat and jurist, Attorney-General of the United States, Minister to Spain and Ambassador

to China, the first Mayor of Newburyport, Massachusetts, with "Bossy" Gillis, the present Mayor, street brawler and garage man, who receives reporters in his bathtub. Place Josiah Quincy, the second Mayor of municipal Boston, author, lawyer, university graduate, gentleman and scholar, coming of a long line of liberally educated ancestors, with "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston at the outbreak of the World War, whose chief claims to distinction were an inexhaustible right arm and an undying readiness to sing *Sweet Adeline* with or without request. Or consider "Big Bill" Thompson of Chicago; or contrast Colonel Marinus Willett, first Mayor of New York after the Revolution, with Mayor Hyman.

Look at our Senators. A few compare favorably as to education, if not as to general culture, with the Senators of early days. But it is fairly certain that the Senators, as a group, have shown a progressive deterioration since the days of Washington and Jefferson, a process which has apparently been hastened since

the Civil War. Behold the National Legislature today! Behold them, like a school of swimming squid, progressing by moving backward, self-confused and self-hidden from the world in clouds of their own ink! Yet when I ask my friends at the club what can be done about the Senate, they answer cynically, "Just leave it alone and it will kill itself."

CONFRONT the older Senators from Pennsylvania, Robert Morris, Albert Gallatin, James Buchanan, with "Bill" Vare. Place a few of the early National Secretaries of State, Jefferson, Randolph, John Marshall, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Clay, next to a later Secretary, William J. Bryan. Disregarding questions of inherited culture, it is at once evident that the earlier Secretaries were by comparison intellectual giants. (Al Smith, like Abraham Lincoln, is a glorious exception, a true leader, a Lincoln of the city streets, towering high above the common run of mankind.) Of course, there were some backwoods-men leaders in the old days, and there are leaders comparable with Jefferson, Hamilton and Adams today; but they are few and far between and they but rarely appear today in American politics.

Turning to the Presidents, it is noteworthy that the first six were mutual friends, belonging to a small governing class, and men of broad culture. They flourished from the Revolution until 1829. Though they were all staunchly anti-British, they nevertheless owed their liberal education to standards set up by the British aristocracy which they had helped to overthrow in America. It is

striking and perhaps significant that the line of our cultured Presidents lasted just as long as a man, who had completed his education under British rule, could hope to live. In the very years when the young men who had received British training prior to the Revolution reached the end of their lives, came Andrew Jackson, our seventh President, bringing with him our first example of American rough-house Government.

ANDREW JACKSON and Warren G. Harding are two shining examples of the sort of leadership that our Nation chooses when left to itself. The one, a fine soldier, brave as a lion, teaching his soldiers to eat acorns, going calmly about his farm with a bullet wound over his heart still uncared for; yet, as President, erring through ignorance, indiscretion, quarrelsomeness, violence and bigoted policies. The other, equally ignorant, having no policies at all. Both easily led by men shrewder than themselves, both lacking in trained mentality, the one brusque and military, viewing all things as black or white without gradations; the other gentle and easily imposed on, seeing the problems of the day as a grey and genial blur. The one attacking the banking system of the country, causing our nation a financial panic and "ten years of the severest liquidation"; introducing to Washington, in defiance of the example of his predecessors, the baneful spoils system, and advocating the cause of slavery; the other attacking nothing and advocating nothing, but costing the nation millions of dollars, through the ease with which he was fooled by impostors. The one foisted upon the public by the shrewd ma-

nipulations of Van Buren, the other chosen because of his docility, by the Republican leaders at Chicago in 1920, in spite of the people's preference for two other candidates. Consider Ulysses S. Grant, farmer, West Pointer, superb general, yet as a President ill-fitted to deal with the Washington crooks of his day because of his simplicity of nature, during whose term there was a financial scandal which in magnitude can only be compared with that of President Harding's régime. Or look at Andrew Johnson, whose wife taught him in later life what most boys learn in school. Like Andrew Jackson, his model, he was a man of complete honesty, unflinching courage and abysmal lack of *savoir faire*.

IF WE compare Jackson and Johnson, Grant and Harding, with any of the first six Presidents, it immediately becomes evident that the sons of the people, whatever other Presidential qualities they may have had, have been conspicuously wanting in tact, shrewdness in dealing with mountebanks, and ability to see both sides of public questions. They have been apt, through biased judgment, to carry the country into extremes. Worst of the faults of some of them has been their intellectual one-sidedness. Led on by slogans, they have lacked the liberal, judicial, broadminded attitude, which can come only after an exceptional education. "Tolerance," says Walter Bagehot, "is learned in discussion and, as history shows, is only so learned." It is difficult for a tailor, like Johnson, or a farmer, like Grant, or a soldier, like Jackson, to find in his youth the sort of impersonal discussion among mental equals which alone leads to

tolerance. They have been wanting in wisdom and culture, those products of meditation and leisure. For in their early years they never had time for leisure.

THAT our few remaining leaders are pointing out to us these very dangers, should, if we were any longer capable of following true leadership, make a deep impression upon us. Newton D. Baker, for example, tells us that our educated and cultured people seem voiceless and scattered. They do not have the common impulse to make their weight felt at the points of social disintegration and danger, consequently great and cultured cities are captured by demagogues; Mayors and even Governors are convicted of corruption. Great public questions are discussed in passion and decided on prejudice, while educated men look on in sorrow, unable as a class to get together or to act. Meanwhile, he adds, some solitary public servant, with decent standards, bears his burdens alone, without hope of being sustained by good and wise men, if he acts uprightly and according to conscience. Speaking for England, Viscount Grey sounds a similar warning. "Democracy," he says, "is on trial. It is not an ideal way of selecting the wisest people to govern the country." Chief Justice Taft, discussing America, echoes the Viscount's words. "The Republic," he says, "is on trial." Mr. Taft suggests, as a remedy for our lack of leaders, that educated men, who are not dependent upon their salaries for office, should go into politics. Is it, then, totally impossible to escape from the single-track money standard? If Mr. Taft's suggestion is enthusiastically followed, we shall return to the

evils of a plutocracy, against which Aristotle long ago warned us, evils which are a positive danger in this country of over eleven thousand millionaires. Our experience with our diplomatic service has not been such as to encourage us to expect invariable ability, or unbiassed interest in all classes of Americans, in the members of a plutocracy.

BUT we do not heed these warnings of our few articulate leaders because we are no longer capable of wise followership. The people have a vague feeling, especially noticeable among our Eastern farmers, that since all men are created equal it would be beneath their dignity to follow a leader. But since real leaders are the source of standards and ideals, and since we do not follow them, and because every man, however ignorant, is his own judge of values, our standards are fast being ruined. All save the money standard. For, as the noblest ant is the one which can store the most food, so the noblest Roman among us is considered to be he who can store the most wealth, by fair means or by foul. That is the reason for our modern Chicagoism. We have ignored the only interest which distinguishes men from animals, the interest in things not of the belly but of the mind. The only leaders we follow, the only experts we know, are the leaders and experts in accumulation. (True, for short periods, in war-time, we do follow a leader, as a pack of wild baboons will unite momentarily to raid a banana plantation, only to separate again immediately after.) In these circumstances true leadership, the source of true ideals, hides its head. Such conceptions as playing the game,

tolerance, intellectual honesty, the idea of a gentleman, are dying out, simply because social position no longer depends upon understanding and practising these ideals.

THE result of the absence of wise followership is a vicious circle. There is a French saying, "I lead because I follow." It is the implicit motto of nearly every Member of Congress. It should be printed upon every copy of *The Congressional Record*. It should be framed and hung in the office of nearly every Senator and Representative. It is the necessary technique of our Democracy as now organized. The Representative, in order to be re-elected, must show the home folks that he is as perfectly insulated from good ideas as they. The home folks, by manifesting appreciation of his exaggerated Conservatism or unthinking Radicalism, encourage the Representative. We shall never escape from this vicious circle until the home folks, admitting the scientific fact that all men are *not* created equal, are willing, as in the old days, to be guided by men of proved ability, learning, devotion and wisdom. A second result of the failure of followership is that, as General Pershing has told us, good men now stay out of politics, fearing the difficulties which they are likely to encounter through the trickery of cheap politicians and, one might add, the jealousy of the screaming Demos.

The chief reason for this malady, with its symptoms of discouraged leadership and vanishing followership, is a wholly false assumption arising from a phrase used by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal." Plato and Aristotle, though they had no in-

telligence tests, knew better than that. "Democracies have arisen," wrote Aristotle, "from supposing that those who are equal in one thing are so in every other circumstance; as, because they are equal in liberty, they think themselves equal in everything else." However, as he goes on to tell us, "nobility and merit are to be found only amongst a few; but their contraries amongst the many; as there is not one man of nobility and merit in a hundred."

Now when Jefferson wrote those famous words about equality he probably meant simply that the British-born Americans of the Colonies were as good men as the Britishers in the Old Country, and intended to show them so. A casual study of his letters indicates that he did *not* believe that all men are equal in ability, or even that all men should have equal rights. He probably had his doubts about the equal rights and equal abilities of Indians and Negroes, and he certainly had his doubts about the equal rights and equal abilities of women. His basic theory of government, closely resembling that of Aristotle, is best expressed in a letter which he wrote to John Adams in 1813. "There is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and the talents . . . There is also an artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents . . . The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of Nature for the instruction, the trusts and government of society. . . . May we not even say, that that form of government is the best, which provides the most effectually for a pure selection of these

natural *aristoi* into the offices of government?"

So far we agree with him perfectly, but in the same letter he goes on to say:

"I think the best remedy is . . . to leave to the citizens the free election and separation of the *aristoi* from the *pseudo-aristoi*, of the wheat from the chaff. In general they will elect the really good and wise."

BUT even in those days, when there was a wealth of cultured leadership left over from the Colonial aristocracy, Jefferson elsewhere freely expressed his doubts as to whether the people, unlearned in the law, could possibly elect "good and wise" judges learned in the law. And indeed how can the less wise and learned properly select for election the more wise and learned? It is an unreasonable hope, and it has not been justified by history. Jefferson's deadly error lay in supposing that under our elective system the "natural *aristoi*" could continue, without special assistance, to reach positions of political command. His mistake lay in supposing that the governing class of this Republic would remain, as he described them in his own day, "men . . . enlisted by all their interests on the side of law and order, habituated to think for themselves, and to follow reason as their guide." In a word, the fundamental fallacy of his philosophy was the assumption that man as a voter is a reasonable or intelligent animal.

Democracy as we know it today, in its naïve form of ultra-Democracy, is a relatively new experiment. It came in with the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, whom Jefferson had opposed politically as a dangerous man. It

came with the opening up of the West and with the election of a President who, for the first time, was born neither in New England nor in Virginia. In President Jackson and his crowd we find, perhaps for the first time in history, the belief in Democracy as a government which should be run exclusively by the men of shirt sleeves and the spittoon. This was obviously a different theory of Democracy from that of Jefferson, yet Jackson held it without reserve.

"TRUE virtue . . .," he wrote at the close of his life, in 1845, "can only dwell with the people — the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy." True virtue, mark you, can dwell *only* with the laboring and producing classes! These classes, presumably, are therefore the fittest to govern. It is the pith of the Jacksonian philosophy and it is not unlike the theories of Communist Russia. And the people of Jackson's time held the same belief. They had a sublime faith in general education. They regarded it as a kind of jam which could best be utilized by smearing it in equal quantities on the heads of all children alike. They did not know, as we know, that human capacity for education varies as much as human characteristics of skin and hair. They believed that if everyone, with the exception of those obviously insane or feeble-minded, were educated, everyone would be equipped wisely to govern the Republic, whether by ballot or by gavel.

But we now realize that a government ruled by the "laboring and producing classes" only is as absurd as a government ruled by the rich only. For it is easily demonstrable

that the voice of any section of the people is often the voice of Satan. And it is as well accepted as the law of gravitation that men's minds, in every class, differ widely in ability.

IF WE desired to create a world of men even nearly equal in ability, we should have to produce a world population entirely composed of identical twins. In the biological nature of things, these hundreds of millions of identical twins would all have to be born to one woman, and all at the same time; but even if the world were so filled, all men would not be equal mentally, for the intelligence of identical twins has been measured, and it is found that there are individual differences, even among them. The Army intelligence tests taken during the War, of soldiers of every class and station in life, indicate that at least half of them were of medium or low intelligence. When the mental scores of a large group of soldiers were plotted, it was found that the line so formed approximated the Gaussian curve, the curve of normal distribution. It was discovered that some forty-two per cent. of American soldiers were of normal (medium) intelligence, while there were roughly as many slightly and greatly sub-normal minds as there were slightly and greatly super-normal. *Only thirteen per cent. of the soldiers examined were found to be intellectually distinguished. It is now believed that the innate difference in mental stature between a man of average general intelligence and an Aristotle or an Einstein may be like the difference between a but ten feet high and a skyscraper of 510 feet — a difference of 5,000 per cent. And it is perfectly fair to assume that what was true of our Ameri-*

can soldiers is approximately true of our population at large. Further, it has been found that there is an interesting correlation between mental ability and the possession of ethical standards. It is therefore probable that our population is no more equal in moral and ethical qualities than in intellectual.

THE second false assumption on which our Democracy has been based is that all the voters would be eager to vote, and would be interested in the problems of government as in the old town meeting days. We now know that the voters want nothing so much as to be left alone. It has been calculated that not more than one-half the voters do their duty in most Presidential Elections and not more than ten per cent. go to the polls in local elections.

Nor can we be bothered with the labor of thinking concerning problems of government. In the early town meeting days the question was whether to build a fence or to erect a new Court House. Since then problems have become vastly more complicated. An amazing example of the obsolescence of unmodified Democracy, due to this inability and disinclination of the voter to think, occurred in Philadelphia in November, 1927. (I follow the newspaper report.) Senator Smoot of Utah was speaking, by invitation, on tax reduction and tariff matters, at a huge Republican rally in behalf of the candidacy of the present Mayor, Harry A. Mackey, who, like his predecessor, forms another quaint contrast with Josiah Quincy and Caleb Cushing. This crowd, though made up largely, no doubt, of those supposedly interested in politics, was neither awed by the

presence of a financial expert and Senator, nor interested in his life work. They talked, they laughed, they applauded at the wrong time, without rhyme or reason. Finally Senator Smoot in desperation laid down his papers.

"JUST a few more words," he pleaded. "I really thought you had an interest in the affairs of your Government. I am vitally interested in reduction of taxes. I am giving all my heart and strength to a study of the problem. The only way we can get at the solution is by public discussion, so that Congress may know what the people are thinking about." The Senator returned to his typed speech, but before he had uttered a half-dozen words some one in the gallery shouted, "Choke him!" The Senator, plainly upset, continued as best he could, with the inopportune applause and the increasing uproar. After a few minutes, plainly exhausted, he ceased speaking, with his speech but partly delivered. He was white with rage. Democracy had answered the Senator and Congress. It had succumbed to the blight of superficiality.

Democracy is defined as a government by all the people. The people have had over one hundred years of general suffrage, in increasing amounts, and they are not yet governing. The people do not vote. They are not interested in public affairs. The wise leaders, who undoubtedly exist, do not get to the top, nor are they encouraged to do so. America is ruled in secret by rich men, in semi-public by the bosses, and in public by the demagogues. Is it too much to say that if Democracy means rule by the people as a whole, it is a failure?

It would seem that we must re-define Democracy in accordance with our new knowledge, which was possessed neither by Jefferson nor by Jackson. We must redefine it as the ideal, perhaps unattainable, of a qualified equality of rights and opportunities, plus the realization that equality of ability does not exist, never has existed, and never will.

There is no better short statement of this more critical view of Democracy than that made by Abraham Lincoln, when he said of a Negro slave woman: "In some respects, she certainly is not my equal; but in her natural right to eat the bread she earns with her own hands, without asking leave of anyone else, she is my equal and the equal of all others." Qualified equality of rights, as an ideal, yes. Equality of physical power, coloring, height, mental ability, as a fact, no.

THE remedy for the national disorder of ultra-Democracy is, therefore, the principle of selection by wise men, plus election by the voters. It is a plan for selecting and training the noblest and most intelligent Americans for political leadership, after election by the people. It is a combination of Democracy with aristocracy, in its fine old Greek sense. It is a device to secure for ourselves political leaders at the top of Government who are Jeffersons and not Jacksons, Sumners and not Heflins. It is an effort to bring about Jefferson's ideal of government by a natural aristocracy of "virtue and the talents", composed of men devoted to upholding law and order, and following "reason as their guide". In a word, the suggested remedy is an Aristo-Democracy designed to overcome the evil of mob

rule and employing a "Society of Leaders" as a fourth branch of the National Government.

For, if it be true that, as General Pershing has said, government *as now organized* "can be no better than the average of its citizens", then the only other hope of improving government is to raise the average intelligence and character of the people.

UNFORTUNATELY, as we have already seen, the Army intelligence tests indicate that a large proportion of our citizens are incapable of intelligence, with or without higher education. Furthermore, owing to the differential birth-rate, the masses which are incapable of either intelligence or higher education, seem to be out-breeding the tiny minority of the intelligent, thus gradually swamping the possible leaders in an ocean of mediocrity. If these premises are sound, as I believe them to be, our Democracy as now organized is doomed. Our only hope is to abandon the unsuccessful experiment of giving the same education to the whole unwieldy mass, with its ever increasing dead weight of morons and near-morons, and its ever decreasing number of persons capable of teaching. Our only hope lies in giving special advantages to the apparently dwindling number of our gifted children, and in leaving to these gifted children, when they attain maturity, the ever more complex problems of government which more than half of the population can never understand. The great mass of us must admit that we are mental inferiors, and begin to follow the leader.

I personally know a boy who will

be a future leader if he gets a real chance. He appears to be entirely normal in every way. Like the youthful Jefferson, he is glowing with health, and is an exceptionally good athlete. Not long ago, while he was attending school in a large city, it was decided to establish a class for specially gifted children. This boy joined the class, no member of which was pushed in any way, and, going his own gait, accomplished five years' school in two. As he was far too young in years to enter college, a friend then took him around the world. He is now the richer by experiences in every part of the globe, plus the formation of habits of work, and of discussion among mental equals, which would inevitably have been destroyed if he had been held back with boys of less intelligence.

will cease to receive State support, and, if they have any intention of joining the governing class, they will be expected to go out for a time into the world of practical affairs. From this world many of them will, quite naturally, never return to government; but many others will go back to it, attracted either as the political nominees of the Society of Leaders, to which they will be eligible at the age of thirty-five, or as members of the Society itself. At thirty-five, those who have received leadership education, and others also, may, upon passing certain examinations, and upon submitting a record showing nobility of character and power of constructive thought, be elected to the Society. The examiners will, themselves, be Leaders.

THE first step in the preparation of leaders must be the selection and special education, if necessary at State expense, of such boys. They will be chosen by various mental tests at about fourteen years. From fourteen to eighteen they will be in competition with boys of their own mental stature, either in special classes or in special schools. At all times their physical condition will be given special attention. At about eighteen these gifted children from all over the country will be sent to a special college, or to a special class or classes in some college or colleges. Here, as before, they will be taught that modest leadership is for them a patriotic duty. They will not be *forced* to specialize, but an effort will be made to *persuade* them to take up government as a career. On graduation from college and the graduate schools, they

THE Society of Leaders, which is to be a definite part of our Government structure, a fourth check on the Executive, Legislative and Judicial divisions, will have in Washington its own office building and place of assembly. Its membership will consist of many younger men, between thirty-five and fifty, as well as those of riper experience and probably more conservative views. *The Leaders will play absolutely no part in framing the policies of the nation.* That is largely the function of the National Legislature. Nor will they invade the provinces of the President or the Supreme Court. Their legal duties will be threefold. First, they will define and conserve the national intellectual and moral standards. Second, they will be official purveyors of accurate news. Last, and most important, they will select the slate of candidates for all political

offices, executive, legislative and judicial, national and, to some extent, local.

Among the standards which they will define and preserve will be a new standard of unselfish service to the community, the fast disappearing conception of honesty, intellectual as well as commercial, the definition of a true gentleman, and the like. As the most perfect metre stick is kept with infinite care in Paris, so will these mental and moral criteria be preserved, as the Nation's most precious assets, by the Society of Leaders in Washington. As the official distributors of correct, or nearly correct, national and international news, the Society will have the task of fighting the yellow press.

THIS press, however unscrupulous, however costly to the Nation, both in money and in the bestial passions which it falsely or unnecessarily arouses, cannot be suppressed without abolishing our invaluable principle of free discussion. The effects of its pernicious activities can, however, be counteracted. This will be accomplished by publishing each week a very short bulletin of correct news, sifted, clarified and interpreted by the best minds of the Society and the Nation. It will be required by law that these bulletins be carried in a conspicuous place on the front page of every newspaper and tabloid published in the country. There will be no headlines or slogans, those greatest of falsifiers. We must realize that no short, unqualified statement is ever wholly true, not even this one.

The simplification and interpretation of current information is also of vast importance in an epoch in

which it has been found that the majority of newspaper editors have not grasped Professor Shotwell's simple definition of an aggressor nation, and have misled the reading public upon this vastly important subject. In selecting the slate of candidates of both parties for political office, the Leaders will, in a way, be doing what the Republicans did at the nominating convention in Chicago in 1920. Just as they chose, and almost forced the people to elect, Mr. Harding, a man of whom few of them had ever heard, so the Leaders will occasionally present names for election of whom the masses are ignorant.

BUT there is a vast difference between the boss methods of today and the Leader methods of the future; for while the Bosses often choose candidates specifically because they are known to possess neither striking ability nor marked strength of character, the main business of the Leaders will be to supply the voters with a slate of candidates who possess ability, character and wisdom. The people may then assert their power by failing to elect any of the persons named. In that case the Leaders will be obliged to choose other nominees; but the people will know that their final choice *must* be placed among the names selected by the Leaders, rather than among the names selected by the Bosses. It is possible that this new principle of selection *plus* election could be applied also to State Governors, State Legislatures and State Courts, and to the Mayors of large cities. Incidentally, when laws shall be passed by even a small majority of legislators thus selected, — men who are bound to be respected be-

cause of their personal worth, — there will be, for the first time, a real chance of enforcing our statutes.

Finally, the right of membership in the Society, which will be a very great honor and well paid, will depend upon one's personal ability and character. It will not be hereditary. It will place wise men of broad vision at the top of Government, just as the Civil Service seeks to place experts, of somewhat narrower vision, in the lower ranks.

WHETHER or not the Society of Leaders, or something like it, can soon be incorporated as a part of our Government structure, there can be no doubt whatever that the selection and special education of Leader-children must begin at once. Dr. Lewis M. Terman, the foremost of our intelligence testers, tells us that there is reason for believing that a considerable part of the world's talent fails of fruition through lack of selective education. Cattell has shown that Massachusetts, in proportion to the population, produces eighty-four times as many men of science as Mississippi. It is unreasonable to suppose that this is entirely a matter of heredity. We prefer to believe, says Dr. Terman, that it is largely a matter of educational opportunity. It appears, too, from a research concerning the early history of three hundred of the most eminent men and women of the last few centuries, that these geniuses owed their advancement as much to special opportunities, which came their way by happy chance, as to innate ability. But in spite of Dr. Terman's efforts, we stupidly fail to apply our knowledge, so as to produce greater numbers of such

leaders. The tacit slogan of our schools is "millions for morons, but not one cent for leadership". In New York City alone, there are eight thousand public school children who, because of backwardness, have been segregated and given special education, and provision has been made for fifteen more of such special classes in 1928. There is a staff of specialists provided to examine such children. There is even a special building for conducting educational clinics! What, meanwhile, is being done for our national assets, the gifted children? Practically nothing at all. As one famous educator has said, "I have about concluded that the bright child is probably the most neglected child in the world, not only neglected but often discouraged and sat upon." To quote another educator, "We have special classes for backward children and special schools for the feeble-minded, but God help the bright child!"

STANDING straight in the path of this much needed reform is a mistaken theory of Democracy, reminiscent of the quaint ideas of the Jacksonians, and well expressed by Dallas Lore Sharp. "What else but a common school," he writes, "can be the head of the corner of Democracy? We must go to school; we must all go to school; we must all go together to school, with a common language, a common course of study, a common purpose, faith and enthusiasm for democracy . . . One thing I know; we must have a common school for all the people". Now the article in which this was written produced a flood of enthusiastic letters from emotional persons who apparently

do not think very clearly. Evidently they, too, believed that Democracy requires that all Americans should have "a common course of study", irrespective of their mental ability. A perusal of the article quickly reveals, however, that what Mr. Sharp really fears is that division of school boys into *social* classes which is now going on through the establishment of private schools around Boston.

BUT what Mr. Sharp apparently does not understand is that the proposed system of selecting school children, *according to ability*, tends to decrease the social divisions which he bewails. It is certainly not undemocratic to put bright children in the same class, regardless of wealth or social distinction, leaving ordinary-minded children where they were before. If this is undemocratic, then it is also undemocratic to give special physical training to leading school athletes, or to members of the first football team. On the other hand, the present system of education holds back the leaders and teaches them to loaf. The convoy can never go faster than the slowest vessel. If good coffee is mixed with bad, the result is coffee which is neither good nor bad. If bright children are mixed with stupid, the result is general mediocrity, with the brightest children the laziest, and the dullest unprepared for that manual labor by which alone they can earn a decent living.

On the other hand, the suggested selective system comes nearer to true Democracy. If adopted, it will

accomplish, for the first time in history, a true equality of opportunity for all American school children, through the removal of the handicaps of born leaders, however poor and unknown. As Plato so beautifully put it thousands of years ago, "Democracy means perfect equality of opportunity, especially in education . . . Public officials should be chosen not by votes, nor by secret cliques pulling the unseen wires of democratic pretense, but by their own ability as demonstrated in the fundamental Democracy of an equal race."

THERE is a species of American caterpillar which always travels in long lines, nose to tail, playing follow-the-leader. The leader is the individual who happens to be in front. He has no special qualifications. He is as nearly blind, as nearly idiotic, as the rest. His position is a matter of pure chance. If you deftly steer the line of crawlers with your finger, you can get them to form a nose-and-tail circle, which will revolve aimlessly and uselessly, over the same old ground, the leader following the led, the led following the leader, until the vicious circle is accidentally broken. Now, as they are stretched out in a long line again, if a twig happens to fall across it, their Indian file will break in two, and a second chance leader start a second chance line of march. That is a nearly perfect picture of leadership in our American ultra-Democracy. When shall we have the wit to improve on the government of our brethren the caterpillars?

The Business of Doctoring

BY CLEON C. MASON, M.D.

Are doctors' fees too high? And should not their bills be paid as promptly and as ungrudgingly as those of the landlord, the grocer and the plumber?

THE profession of doctoring is a curious business. It is a business. We are expected to pay and pay promptly our rent, our grocery bills, our gasoline bills, and all other expenses of living. We are called upon and unceremoniously hijacked into contributing to all kinds of civic requests, from the Community Chest to the Firemen's Ball. We are expected to maintain a certain standard of living. To do all these things we must have money. This money we must collect from our patients for services we have rendered them. If we insist on being paid adequately and promptly, we are classed at once as commercial, avaricious, unprofessional, even by the persons who exact ready and adequate payment for groceries, meat and gasoline. On the other hand, if we allow our books to become cluttered with long overdue accounts, we hear the old cry, "Oh, well, doctors are notoriously poor business men!"

Recently I was away on my vacation, and during my absence a bill from a plumber came into the office. On the first of the month I had sent the plumber a bill for services amounting to less than half of what I owed

him. Ten days later, while I was still away, came a curt note reminding me that I continued to owe the plumber that account. On my return I asked the office girl to copy the note, word for word, and send it to the plumber, reminding him that my statement had not been paid, at the same time enclosing him a check for his account. What happened? The plumber literally roared into my office. The air was blue for a few minutes. That he resented the tone of the note I had sent him was more than evident, and it was only after some moments that I could get him quiet enough to show him I had used his own methods of collection. Fortunately he had a sense of humor. "Well, Doc, I guess that is one on me!" And he paid five dollars on account!

WHY one should resent being called upon to pay his doctor's bill as promptly as he is expected to pay his grocer or his plumber, has long been a curious anomaly to the medical man.

By bitter experience and by universal example the doctor soon learns his lesson. He finds that a fee in the hand is worth six on his books; and

his teachers, like my plumber friend, who are also his critics, find that the doctor is an apt pupil. The chances are ten to one that when a doctor becomes avaricious, plunderbund, or commercial, it is the public at large which has made him so. It is the sting of that stack of unpaid bills; they represent in nearly every instances services rendered in good faith, services given freely in time of need, day or night, services performed without the question of pay ever having come up, yet they are very genuine evidence of a lack of honesty on the part of a percentage of the public. It is not surprising that the doctor becomes as distrustful as the garage man, the grocer, or the railroad company.

TO EXPLOIT one's few unfortunate experiences with the medical men, and from these to deduce sweeping and wholly unwarranted conclusions, is certainly a most illogical method of approaching the problem. Yet that is all which has thus far come before the public. The issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for October carries an article by Mr. Harding, entitled *The High Cost of Doctoring*, which should be read by all medical men. It is a brilliant example of the method just condemned, and it illustrates the impossibility of laymen ever appreciating the medical problem, especially the very complicated issue of medical fees. There is a certain element of humor in it all; especially Mr. Harding's unfortunate experiences with grasping and incompetent otologists, his final resort to Johns Hopkins, and there, for ten dollars, obtaining what he believed to be an accurate diagnosis. It happens that Johns Hopkins is my own medical *Alma Mater* and I

do know a little of its policies. If the author had said he was charged twenty-five cents, I would have understood, as that is the free clinic charge, or if he had said twenty-five dollars I would have understood, but where in that institution he could go for ten dollars is beyond me! And while on the subject of Johns Hopkins, I wonder if the public at large knows that in 1921 the Board of Trustees of that institution, at the recommendation of Dr. Smith, the Director, passed a ruling that no patient should be charged more than one thousand dollars for a major operation, and that no patient in Marburg, the private wards, should be charged to exceed thirty-five dollars weekly for medical attention; and that because of that ruling a physician, generally conceded to be the outstanding internist of the United States, if not of the world, has practically withdrawn from the Johns Hopkins staff—and in my opinion rightly so!

BEFORE we can discuss medical fees and the high cost of doctoring with any intelligence, a standard of medical values must be developed. What is pneumonia worth? What is a compound fracture of the femur worth? What is the removal of a brain tumor worth? Are any of these worth more to a man who is responsible for millions than to a man who is responsible for nothing? This last is one of the burning questions, and so far it is unsolved. We have as yet been unable to arrive at any standards which represent anything. The reason for this becomes apparent when we realize that the price of medical service is subject to the same economic laws which determine the price of other commodi-

ties, while the competency of medical service is governed by other laws.

It has been my own experience that any medical bill is too much, at least from the patient's viewpoint. On the other hand, I am equally certain that I pay far too much for my office girl, my gasoline, my drugs, my wife's coat — why go on? That is only human nature. The fact remains that medical fees have not increased in proportion to other costs over the last decade.

A DOCTOR has only one thing to sell, his time, which of course comprehends his talent or abilities. He has only a limited amount of this, for several reasons. After a highly expensive training period he arrives at an earning capacity late in life as compared with other lines of endeavor. The cost of medical education in both time and money has increased enormously in the last twenty years, and today a properly equipped doctor represents an investment of at least twenty-five thousand dollars. The time he has to sell is strictly limited by what he personally can do. Patients pay for their particular doctor, not for his assistant or a substitute. For this reason it is practically impossible for a doctor to organize his practice so that his income will go on when he is away. Last, his years of earning are limited, twenty-five or thirty at most, often less.

The doctor quickly finds that the article he has to sell is subject to economic laws, just as any other commodity, and the law of supply and demand soon begins to operate. The successful doctor finds that the supply of time is limited, and as the demand increases the inevitable happens — the price increases, which is just and right. That is why the

internist before mentioned withdrew from a hospital which attempted, by legislation, to nullify a basic economic law. I understand full well why the sick man wants the best he can get; I also understand why he cannot always get what he wants. Unfortunate as the situation is, it does exist. It exists in the commercial world, and will continue to exist in the medical world until some radical changes come to pass.

Too often the successful practitioner is not the most competent doctor, which is one of the most unfortunate of conditions we must face in medicine. Medical men know this, have known it, and are helpless in the face of it. The public still likes its bally hoo, not only in the side-show but in the doctor's office, and far too often the public runs to clever medical salesmanship while it completely ignores medical competency and scientific efficiency. Here again the public is to blame. Beyond a certain point the public cannot go. You cannot sell a brand of medical treatment which the public does not like, no matter how right it may be. We of the present generation are having far more difficulty in debamboozling the public concerning certain mistakes of our forefathers than those kindly, but medically bewildered, old gentlemen ever had in bamboozling the people. Take the matter of drugs. Patients will hardly pay for services unless the doctor leaves some pills, so deeply ingrained in them is the idea that there is some relation between pills and cure. Yet there is rarely a doctor today who, in the light of half a century ago, is not a therapeutic nihilist!

I, or any other doctor, can pile up

more instances of avariciousness, overcharging, actual extortion in the medical profession, than could be printed, and the same can be said of any other profession. But what does the public expect? The public has but one standard of judgment, financial, and by this standard it judges all things from halitosis to Mr. Edison's most recent remark on immortality. Or was it immorality? Mr. Ford can make remarks on any subject under heaven, and the public will not only quote him but believe him; not because years of patient study have prepared Mr. Ford to speak with authority, but because Mr. Ford has sold enough automobiles to accumulate a billion dollars, and in this day and age, in America at least, a billion dollars, *a priori*, has more brains than the most painstaking student. There you have one of the basic troubles, not only with doctoring but with all other professions.

THE doctor hates the position he is in more than anyone else, because he is more capable of fully appreciating that position. He hates the idea of "all the traffic will bear". He hates being adjudged half robber and half beggar. He hates attempting to be the adjudicator of medical finances. But the general attitude of the public has put him there, and there he must stay until he is clever enough to write a declaration of independence which will insure the public an intelligent brand of medicine at a fair price and at the same time insure himself an adequate return for his services.

Mere reiteration of unpleasant experiences is not constructive reorganizing. To point out the avariciousness and lack of competency

of a limited number of medical men, always a very small minority, is far from a solution, yet to date that is about all that has been produced. Problems of this nature are solved by the trial method. It is well known that the medical profession itself frowns on any new and unusual methods of medical service, but those which do survive are quickly adopted. The problems are not subject to mathematical calculations. They are subject only to time solution, and any attempt to hasten the situation by ill-advised legislation of men not thoroughly conversant with the manifold ramifications of the medical problem is certain to result in even greater confusion.

THERE are specific aspects of the problem which need careful consideration.

First: Among many medical men there is a growing feeling that medicine is a public utility and possibly a function of the State. The Declaration of Independence claims for men "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and certainly all three are dependent upon good health. If medicine is a public utility, how can it be controlled for the common good? If medicine is a State function, how is it to be administered? These are not idle questions. They are extremely intrusive problems, which are going to demand a solution.

Second: Is medical service a *one price* article? Is it worth any more to the rich than to the poor? If medical services have varying values, who is to judge as to the variations, and how shall the values be determined? This is one of the most pressing problems which medical men face, and the one

which subjects them to the most criticism. So far the doctor has been forced to solve it as best he could, but his solution is far from pleasing, not only to the public but to the physician as well.

Third: Is it wholly just to organize charitable institutions designed entirely for the care of the sick, and then pay for everything used in carrying on the work except the one absolute necessity, medical services? This sort of thing is being done on a grand scale throughout the country. Is the doctor not entitled to pay as well as the grocer or the plumber? The public apparently says, No; yet that same public objects when the doctor adds enough to the medical bill to compensate him partly for the time he has been called upon to give. The entire question of charitable institutions and their relation to the medical profession will stand much study.

Fourth: How is incompetence among doctors to be handled? No group of men has struggled more seriously with this problem than the medical men themselves, and that they have made giant strides is very well known. We shall make more in the next twenty years. The answer lies in the better training of more carefully selected men.

THESE are only a few of the more pressing problems which must be solved in working out the relations between the doctor and the public. Anyone can get a hearing who will attack the high cost of anything. It is sweet music to our ears. But it is quite different to sort out, classify, and justly evaluate all the factors which enter into the problem of high costs, especially a problem which is as

many-sided and complicated as the financial relations of the medical profession and the public.

The doctor justly demands a fair return on his educational investment and a fair price for his time; and by "fair" I mean sufficient to insure him a comfortable old age. He asks for little more, and usually gets a great deal less. On the other hand, with as much justice, the public demands competent medical attention at a price it can afford. How to accomplish this will require the sympathetic co-operation of the medical profession, the economist, the legislator and the public. In the end all will profit.

FEW laymen and fewer doctors have had the temerity to offer solutions. Certainly no single one could clear the atmosphere. From the doctor's standpoint a number of facts stand out. First, there is too much *free* medicine. One is a bit dubious as to the expediency of charitable organizations where a large percentage of the available funds is eaten up in administration, and the remainder in maintaining institutions which depend wholly on the freely given time of physicians. Such practice of medicine not only lowers the face value of medical services but pauperizes many people. If charity can afford to pay for organization, it assuredly should be able to pay for its medical treatments. Here in Los Angeles County, one of the richest in the world, we have the penurious spectacle of a great county hospital where everything is paid for but the one essential, medical attention for the patients. Of course the doctors are to blame. Their recourse is obvious — prompt organization and firm refusal to lend

themselves to such practices. At least such would be the prompt answer of the grocer, the plumber, the railroads. So I offer this as a proposition, that every doctor from Maine to California steadfastly and uniformly refuse to render any phase of medical service without adequate compensation. Los Angeles County can afford to pay. Let it pay, then! And the same for every other charitable organization.

SUCH action on the part of the doctors would raise widespread criticism, but it would soon be forgotten. I know a man who, dead broke and without a friend, went to the local Bell Telephone Company and tried to get to talk to San Francisco where his mother was dying. Did he get a charity 'phone call put through? Why ask? Of course he did not! Yet I know a doctor who worked over that same man for two weeks and finally sent him on his way, well, and with twenty dollars in his pocket. Did anyone raise a cry as to inhumane action of the telephone company because it refused to give services without pay? No one dared. And the doctor? He did only what the public expected him to do. No, the fact remains: the public has been possessed of the idea that the doctor can be worked, and the doctor has foolishly allowed himself to be caught in the net. His only recourse is refusal to bear the brunt of the situation any longer. In the end he will be paid.

My second suggestion would be for the doctors in every city to organize central offices where data concerning all the people of the community could be accumulated and used for the doctor's benefit. In this way patients could be classified. At the same time

the medical organization could establish a fee schedule, probably on a sliding scale to fit the various purses, and what is more important, stick to the established rates. This is eminently fair. It would allow the public to see at a glance exactly what the services are going to cost. The doctor is no longer a beggar-robber but a business man like the grocer, the plumber, or the telephone company. If the prices are too high, then go to the publicly supported institutions.

The gross incompetence of the medical profession would all be wiped out in time. More careful selection in the medical schools, more careful hospital training, a thorough training in the publicly controlled charity institutions at a living wage, and finally acceptance by the medical fraternity.

I AM not sure that such a programme would make for any cheaper medical care, but it would more equitably distribute the costs. It would most certainly do away with one big nuisance, organized charity, and it would throw the burden exactly where it belongs, on the taxpayer. It would stop a lot of quibbling over fees, because everyone would know exactly what the fee is going to be. It would free the doctor from a lot of undesirable patients by sending them directly to the public institutions. It would do away with a vast amount of pauperization which is now being fostered by the charities.

All these things such a programme would probably accomplish, and more. It would make a business man of the doctor; and it would, I fear, ring the death knell of doctoring as a world-old profession.

Light Fingers

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

A true tale, in everything excepting the names, of pretended shoplifting as an aid to blackmail, defeated by a piece of shrewd and daring burglary

HAD Michael Conroy been forced to write a description of Max Gittelman, it would have been both vivid and terse: "Jew, sixty, nervous, too fat, not a bad fellow, and he's going to die quick on the golf course some day if he don't diet."

Max Gittelman was the brains, the bluster and the nervous system of the Sherwood Department Stores (branches in all principal cities, mail order departments in St. Louis, Brooklyn and Chicago). The Sherwood Stores had not been christened in honor of the founder. They had been named twenty years ago by Max Gittelman himself, because he admired the name "Sherwood", which he saw on the label of a bottle of excellent rye whiskey.

In a word, Max Gittelman was business, all business. His office, in which he sat as he interviewed Michael Conroy, was a replica of "Our Library — Furnished Complete Except Books — For Only \$789.50. (Sale Price.) — See Furniture Department, Fifth Floor Annex". And had any prospective customer for a library suite wished to view the room,

Max Gittelman would gladly have interrupted his conference while he explained the bargains in "Domestic Oriental Rug, Modified Empire Easy Chair. Old Colonial Style Electric Reading Lamp and Improved Sheraton Writing Table and Desk." Max Gittelman knew every detail of the business and was fully as glib about it as any department manager or salesman.

"Mister Conroy," said Gittelman, "my bank tells me I should have confidence in you. They says you got an A-one reputation. They says you is to crooks what 'Flit' is to cockroaches. That's what they tells me."

"Glad to hear it," admitted Conroy. "Although I'm most always in for a run of bad luck, after I get a bokay."

"Mister Conroy, what is your cheapest terms?"

"I haven't any cheapest terms, Gittelman."

MAX GITTELMAN heaved a sigh. He had been afraid Conroy would make some such reply. "Well, I can't blame you, Mister Conroy. 'One price to all' 's been th' motta of my store and

I ain't done bad at it. I can't blame you. Say. Would'ch take a case on a contingency basis? Would'ch, Mister Conroy?"

Conroy laughed. "I can give you the addresses of several private detectives who might be glad to . . ." he began. He also rose.

"Nu, nu, Mister Conroy." Gittelman raised a fat hand to protest. "My bank says you wouldn't. But it don't do no harm to esk, does it now? I always say it don't cost nothin' to esk. Well. Well. Sit down."

CONROY resumed his chair, without rancor or, indeed, any particular enthusiasm.

"Mister Conroy. I been gypped. I've been took. My stores has been took and shook down."

Conroy's interest quickened. There was always enough of the dramatist in him to be fascinated by any tale of fraud.

"How bad?" The question dropped from Conroy's lips, much as a physician might say, "Let me see your tongue."

"Forty thousand dollars in five months, all told."

"How?" Conroy leaned forward. Any system by which forty thousand dollars could be extracted from Max Gittelman interested Conroy profoundly.

"By blackmail. Sure. That's what it is, blackmail. I had to pay that much to keep damage suits outa court. My lawyers got me dizzy writin' checks. Settle this one, Max, they says. Settle that one, Max. So I settle. I settle. My God, Mister Conroy, I'll settle in the poorhouse if you don't stop this shake-down they've rigged for me. I'm th' pay-off for a bunch of . . . of two-timers."

Conroy beamed. He rose and put out his hand. "Give me a note to your lawyer and I'll go over the cases. I'll make a preliminary report this week and then we'll have another talk."

Max Gittelman scribbled a few words on a sheet of paper and signed it.

"I expect big results, Mister Conroy. After what my bank said, I look for big results."

Which explains why Michael Conroy became a floorwalker in the Women's Wear Department of the Sherwood Store in Baltimore, Md. The Richmond and Philadelphia stores had been successfully "worked"; Conroy was of the opinion that the gang would move on to Baltimore, before starting on a tour of the western branches.

UNFORTUNATELY for Michael Conroy, he was both modest and a bachelor. For ten days he blushed so continually that the back of his neck grew purple, between the scarlet lobes of his ears. Each hour of each working day was a self-imposed penance upon him. When necessity compelled him to walk through the aisles of his department, he kept his eyes strictly to the front and even pretended deafness when a customer asked him, "Is this step-in fast color? Will it wash?"

"Women ain't got no decency or refinement," he confided to a startled bell boy at the hotel where he was living. "Not any more, they ain't. Why, today, a woman says to me . . . but you hadn't ought-ter hear it. You're too young."

He was forced to learn how to identify combinations, scanties, vests, step-ins, bloomers; he even succeeded

in pointing out the brassière counter to a customer; without, however, looking directly at it.

"Over there, m'am," he explained, waving his hand in a southerly direction.

"A pink girdle like the one you're wearing, Miss? Why, I dun'no . . . you'll find them things two aisles over. Yes, Miss. In all colors. I said, in all colors." He spoke the last line with great emphasis.

"My God!" he muttered to himself as the girl, laughing, walked away, "I thought she was goin' t' show me the color, right here in the aisle."

Once Conroy spoke his mind to the store detective, who had been detailed to aid him.

"When I was a harness bull, out of Old Slip Station in N' Yawk, an' worked nights on th' wagon, I helped raid plenty of hook shops. But I ain't never seen nothin' like these underwear places. Not me."

ON A Tuesday afternoon, Michael Conroy's blushes were rewarded. A little Irish girl, from the Philadelphia store, brought down for two weeks, walked quietly past him.

"She's there, at the hosiery sale counter." The girl, much excited, whispered it in Conroy's ear.

"Which one?"

"The middle-aged woman in the brown coat and black hat."

Conroy nodded and strolled away, toward the elevators. When the woman in the brown coat and black hat got into the car to descend to the street level, Conroy removed the colored bordered handkerchief from the breast pocket of his sack coat. And two young men, who had been loafing nearby, crowded into the car after her.

Conroy returned to the chief clerk at the hosiery counter.

"You got my signal?"

"Yes sir."

"What did she buy?"

"Two pair of Ivory stockings. This kind, with the lace clocks. They're one-ninety-eight marked down from. . . ."

"All right. You c'n go home and stay home until the store sends for you. Your pay'll go on just the same. A little girl from Philadelphia will look after your counter for a few days."

"But. . . ."

"Go on. It's a vacation with pay. What's eatin' you?"

TWO days of great activity followed, in the business offices of the Sherwood Store. Certain reports were received by Michael Conroy, studied by him, and then filed in the drawer of a golden oak desk which he had borrowed. The first reports were these:

Operator F5

7/25. 2:01 P.M.

Picked up subject on signal from Mr. Conroy. Picked her up at elevator on 2nd floor of Sherwood Store and tailed her to Hotel Emerson, where she occupies Room 521. Subject was dressed well, brown coat, black hat, tan stockings and alligator shoes. She is good-looking woman about 5 ft. 5 in. tall, stocky build, weight about 145, 40 years, medium light hair and complexion, hazel eyes, made-up considerable. She is registered at hotel under name of "Mrs. Madeline Woods" of Newark, N. J. She has received no callers and no mail. Been registered since Monday at 11. At 4:15 P.M. she left hotel and I tailed her to office of Attorney J. F. Morse, where she stayed for 15 or 20 minutes. On leaving, she returned to hotel. She tips liberal. She ate dinner costing \$4.20 in hotel grill and went to room. I put her to bed at 11 P.M.

MORGAN.

In explanation of the faithful Morgan's final sentence, and lest his wife in the Bronx worry over his morals, one should add that "putting to bed" in private detective argot means that the person who is being watched obviously has retired.

Operator F2

7/25, 2:01 P.M.

With Operator F5 picked up subject designated by Mr. Conroy. Remained with Operator F5 until first subject left law offices of J. F. Morse. Remained there to see who else came out. Shortly man appeared who did not belong to law offices. Followed him, Subject 2. Subject 2, man 5 ft. 8 in. tall, well dressed, weighs 175, about 35-40 years. Dark complexioned, heavy mustache, black hair and eyes. Mole on neck below left ear. Smokes 3 for 50c cigars and chews the ends, very nervous. Carries silk umbrella rolled up for cane. Walks as if he had fallen arch, right foot. Blue suit, black oxford shoes, brown soft hat, purple tie.

I picked up subject No. 2 at 4:53 P.M. and tailed him to Hotel Belvedere, where he occupies Room 254. He is registered as "Archer Newman" of New York City. He ate big dinner and went to burlesque show in evening. I put him to bed at 12:45 A.M.

REYNOLDS.

FOLLOWING these reports in the file were several telegrams. Two were to be readily identified as valuable:

Buffalo, N. Y.

ARCHER NEWMAN ANSWERS DESCRIPTION OF AMOS NEWTON STOP NEWTON WELL KNOWN HERE DISBARRED ATTORNEY STOP DISBARRED FOR CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD CLIENT STOP NO COURT CONVICTIONS AGAINST HIM ALTHOUGH HE WAS TWICE TRIED FOR GRAND LARCENY SECOND DEGREE STOP SAVED BY JURY DISAGREEMENT.

Atlanta, Ga.

YES, NEWMAN WAS REGISTERED IN HOTEL HERE AT TIME WHEN SHERWOOD STORE SETTLED DAMAGE SUIT FOR FIVE THOUSAND.

Attached to these was a short note, unsigned like the telegrams. It was written on Maryland Supreme Court stationery:

Confidentially, Attorney J. F. Morse has bad reputation with both bench and bar.

DURING the lunch hour on Friday, the chief store detective came hastily to Michael Conroy's office.

"Well, Mr. Conroy," he began, "the woman's back at the counter. And she's just picked up two pair of stockings off the counter and put them in her hand bag. As brassy a piece of shoplifting as I ever seen."

"Have you arrested her?" asked Conroy, quite mildly.

"Well, no. I. . . ."

"Going to let her get away with them?"

"But I thought, Mister Conroy.

. . . "What are you paid for?"

"Shall I make the pinch?"

"What would you do if I wasn't here?"

The store detective hurried away.

So it happened that, as Mrs. Madeline Woods started down the elevator, a burly, stub-nosed man touched her arm.

"Just a minute, lady."

"Sir?" asked Mrs. Woods, resplendent in a tailored suit and smart hat.

"We want you to come down to the store offices. Th' boss wants to see you."

"Sir?" Offended dignity was in Mrs. Woods's inflection, in her rigid spine, as she clutched her handbag. "You forget yourself."

"If you'd forgot them stockings you lifted off the counter, this wouldn't have happened. . . ."

"You're accusing me. . . ."

"No, lady. I ain't accusing you. I got it on you. Come on, now. Don't make no fuss."

"But I bought these stockings. . . ."

"We'll see about that."

The detective took Mrs. Woods back to the counter, where she faced the little girl from Philadelphia.

"Did she buy two pair of stockings off you?"

"No, sir."

"I didn't buy them from her. I bought them from another girl. A tall, blonde girl."

"That tall blonde girl ain't worked since Tuesday noon. C'm on't the office."

IN THE store offices, Mrs. Woods made an elaborate explanation to the store manager. Michael Conroy was not present.

Mrs. Woods insisted that she had bought the stockings found in her handbag on Tuesday. She said that, when she got them to her hotel room, she was surprised to discover that the color was not exactly what she had supposed and that it did not match her favorite gown. So she had brought the stockings back to the store, to see if she could pick out another pair that would prove more harmonious.

"We call it shoplifting here," said the store manager. "However, to give you the benefit of the doubt, if you can produce the sales slip. . . ."

Mrs. Woods began to cry, hysterically. "I'm afraid I lost the little paper . . ." she wailed.

"Funny, ain't it? You people always do," returned the manager, with heavy-footed sarcasm. "Take her over to Police Headquarters, Jerry.

Petit larceny. Take the stockings along for evidence."

On the way to the Central Police Station, Mrs. Woods made a surprising recovery of her self-possession. She walked unaided into the Matron's room, and before the arrest blotter had been made out, asked to use the telephone. Within a half hour, an old and dear friend, one Archer Newman, arrived with \$50 cash bail.

"They'll be sorry for this," Newman roared at the desk sergeant, who, unimpressed, counted the bills. "They'll be sorry. Why, I've known Mrs. Woods for ten years and there isn't a finer little woman in the country. She wouldn't take a pin that didn't belong to her. I'll retain a good lawyer and make that store sweat for this."

SUCH was Archer Newman's secret for success. He knew perfectly well that no department store can afford the publicity of having a woman customer falsely arrested for shoplifting. Not only would every jurymen's sympathy lie with the poor, wronged woman and result in a full verdict against the heartless store, but also the mere fact that a corporation had been a party to an arrest upon insufficient evidence would repel customers for months. Newman's "racket" was a legalized blackmail, the surest and safest method of obtaining money ever devised.

Many laymen suppose that the word "blackmail" necessarily implies some overt act of extortion; a threat to kill, maim, expose, kidnap. In reality, blackmail may and frequently does consist entirely of passive concealment. In this type of blackmail, the law itself becomes the

weapon held over the head of the person or corporation to be "shaken down".

So, under Newman's shrewd direction, Mrs. Woods played an unbeatable game. They never stepped outside the law. She bought two pairs of stockings legitimately. She then returned to the store on another day during the lunch hour period, when a different clerk would be behind the counter and there was no danger of her being remembered, to exchange the garments. She put the stockings back on the counter and then, after fussing long enough to draw attention to herself, very clumsily put them in her handbag.

The woman was careless, yes, in that she failed to bring the purchase slip to the store with her. But forgetfulness is not criminal. Arrest for shoplifting was sure to follow. And the moment an arrest was made, a suit for damages for false arrest automatically began.

IT WAS neither particularly bright, nor particularly early, when the case of Maryland Free State *versus* Mrs. Woods was called in Police Court the next morning.

Mrs. Woods was supported by her attorney, J. F. Morse. In the back of the room sat Michael Conroy and beside him, nervously twisting on the hard wooden bench, was Max Gittelman.

"You got me into one more suit," Gittelman hissed in Conroy's ear.

"Wait," whispered Conroy.

The store lost no time in presenting its case. The stockings were identified, Mrs. Woods was identified, the facts of the arrest were sworn into the record. Morse, who had asked the

store manager but one question, "Did Mrs. Woods admit the theft?" rose to open the defense.

"Now, Your Honor," Morse began, smoothly, "I am going to prove that my client, Mrs. Woods, did not steal the stockings which have been placed in evidence. I will prove it by offering in evidence the sales slip or receipt, dated Tuesday, and, although we have not yet been able to locate the clerk who sold the stockings to my client and who could identify her, we feel that the sales slip is sufficient evidence to. . . ."

"Where is this sales slip, Mr. Morse?" interrupted the magistrate. He did not like Morse.

"You got me into more settling," groaned Max Gittelman in Conroy's ear.

"S-h-h-h . . ."

"She'll want ten thousand, sure," Gittelman persisted.

"S-h-h-h . . ."

"Her eye looks like fifteen thousand, she would want. The anguish to her feelings . . ."

"S-h-h-h, Mr. Gittelman. S-h-h-h."

But Morse had not produced the sales slip, although the magistrate was waiting.

"I'll have it in a minute, Your Honor. A friend of Mrs. Woods has gone to bring it from the hotel. And while I am waiting for it to arrive, I wish to inform the court that, in behalf of my client, I am about to file suit for \$25,000 damages against the Sherwood store."

"O-o-o-u-u-u." It was Max Gittelman on the rear bench and he spoke aloud. The judge rapped for order.

"What bearing has this civil suit

upon this charge of petit larceny?" inquired the magistrate, a bit sarcastically.

"Well, Your Honor, I simply remarked that I would file such a suit to compensate my client for the anguish and humiliation . . ."

"What about my anguish?" demanded Gittelman of Conroy. "I should sue for my anguish . . ."

" . . . occasioned by her false arrest." The attorney talked on, smoothly. "Just as soon as Your Honor dismisses this ridiculous charge which has been . . ."

"Show me the sales slip." The Magistrate cut off the remainder of the speech.

"It's coming, Your Honor. I'm very sorry that it's been delayed."

"I'll grant you a five minutes recess."

THE five minutes had nearly been consumed when Archer Newman appeared. And by that time, Max Gittelman was in what Conroy described as "a lather." But Newman's calm and dignity had disappeared. He was almost as excited as Gittelman.

Newman spoke in a whisper to Morse, but out of the whisper, excited phrases escaped and fell like music on Michael Conroy's ears.

"I tell you I did . . . yeah . . . I did. . . . It was in my wallet, I tell you. . . . No, I looked there . . . Oh, I looked there, too. . . . Of course I did. . . . It's gone. No! Gone! NO!!! Hell's bells, we been robbed . . . robbed . . . ROBBED!!!"

Gittelman suddenly ceased fidgeting. He viewed a silver lining to a very dark cloud.

On his bench, the magistrate per-

mitted himself a sweet smile at Morse's very evident embarrassment. He rapped for silence.

"Have you the sales slip, Mr. Morse?"

"Your Honor, I regret to say . . . I'll have to ask for a continuance . . . an adjournment . . . the sales slip seems to have been mislaid . . . if Your Honor would grant an adjournment to . . ."

"I don't see the necessity for that, Mr. Morse." The magistrate was grinning openly. "I'm afraid your client has imposed upon you. Mrs. Woods, stand up."

"Double-crosser!" snapped Mrs. Woods, out of the corner of her mouth to Newman, as she got to her feet.

"Mrs. Woods," the Magistrate spoke in his judicial voice, "unless you have something more to say, I am going to sentence you to ten days in the workhouse. I'm doing this as an object lesson to . . ." his eyes rested on Attorney Morse, " . . . to other shoplifters and undesirable characters. Ten days. Next case."

MAX GITTELMAN dragged Conroy from the court room. One-hundred-and-one questions trembled on his tongue.

"What . . . where . . . ?" he began.

Michael Conroy answered the second question first. From his pocket he took a crumpled slip of paper, which bore in carbon writing the characters "2 stockings @ \$1.98-3.96." As Max Gittelman reached for it, Conroy tore it into a thousand small pieces.

"Where did you . . . ?" Gittelman would have been speechless, had his

curiosity not been greater than his surprise.

"In Newman's wallet. Under his pillow. Last night. Went into his room through the bathroom window. He was snoring. Never woke up."

"Mister Conroy, I want to thank."

"Just make out my check, Mr. Gittelman. That's thanks enough. They won't bother you for a while. Newman's wise that somebody's on to him, and Mrs. Woods will have a hard time laughing off this conviction against her."

"Mister Conroy, I'm a-goin' t' recommend you . . ."

Conroy looked Max Gittelman straight in the eye. "I don't want you to ever mention this case to anyone. Anyone, understand. I don't like doin' burglaries. Somebody ought to have respect for the law, and I used to be a policeman. Come up to the hotel and I'll make out my bill."

"But you saved me money . . ."

"Not so much as you think. You haven't seen my bill."

December

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER

ACROSS the centuries the angels sing —
 Immortal heralds of the Saviour's birth!
 The holiest of all the hours of earth
 Is yours, December . . . when the newborn King
 Stirs close against the warmly radiant breast
 Of one who watches there above her Child:
 Ave Maria, maiden undefiled!
 Ave Maria, mother loved and blest!
 What though upon this night the Wise Men bring —
 Touched by the benediction of the Star —
 Their precious gifts from alien countries far?
 Oh, He is such a little, little King! . . .
 What though the trembling shepherds leave their sheep?
 Within His mother's arms He lies asleep!

Wisdom While You Wait!

BY WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

Every minute, declared a profound philosopher, there is a sucker born; in testimony of which observe this plain tale of the "quick and easy, send no money" cult

TRAINING the higher physical or intellectual faculties was once supposed to be a process requiring years for its consummation. A great singer, for example, purchased success at the high cost of training, long and costly; and years, often, of bitter adversity. A successful writer developed through apprenticeship in that Spartan school wherein printed rejection slips weeded out the unfit and refined the methods of survivors. Even with the great speakers whose eloquence left its stamp upon our national life, power of speech was matured only from a long season of effort and failure, often agonizing to the audience as well as the speaker.

But all of this, it would seem, belongs to a Pliocene Era which now is past. Such, at least, is the gospel preached in this age of high voltage advertising by the publicity men of a certain stripe of correspondence schools and publishers. Verily they show us the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and offer us all for the mere clipping of a coupon.

Would you have a Perfect Voice, or know the Joys of Forceful Writing?

Then sign an enrollment blank. Or perhaps you would prefer a College Education? Its concentrated extract is yours in one volume. Simply pay the postman umpty dollars, plus a few cents postage, as he brings it to your door. If you aspire not to any of these attributes of distinction, then assuredly, My Lords and Gentlemen (whose careers are blighted by the inability to "say a few words" when called upon in public), yours is the need of Mastery of Speech. Send for the Amazing Booklet which reveals the method enabling one to "face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright" and to "dominate one man or five thousand".

NO LONGER do these achievements require study, application, natural talents, or a foundation of learning. They do not even require any money down. One merely signs his name at the bottom of a letter conveniently written for him — even to the fulsome praise upon the promising merits of the course to be taken. After that, the "new and original short cut" makes all things possible to the man who in-

vests fifteen minutes a day in the easy chair of his own home.

Such is the millennium foretold by this new cult. The Declaration of Independence declared all men to be equal, and this cult guarantees it or offers "your money back" — if you can get it. More. The Holy Writ foretold the age when the meek should inherit the earth, and this cult has come to fulfill the prophesy.

Let us observe its mode of fulfillment.

SOME years ago, I made my first literary venture. This consisted of offering, timidly and hopefully, to the editor of a great magazine the option upon my first literary masterpiece. But somehow he thought less of the option than I did. In fact, I now doubt if he even learned of it. The first manuscript reader saw to that. My masterpiece was returned with a neat little printed card of regrets, explaining that it was "unsuited to the present needs" of this magazine. A despair, dark and heavy, descended upon my soul, tinged perhaps with pity for the editor who had allowed opportunity to knock unrecognized; assuaged, however slightly, by visions of a future day when genius would be recognized and this editor would beseechingly but vainly offer his gold for one short (oh, very short!) story to appease the demand of his irate subscribers.

And before the darkness had lifted, Jezebel stood before me, pointing the way to the fulfillment of this vision. Into my hands she delivered a letter which explained all. It began:

DO YOU WISH TO SEE YOUR STORIES IN PRINT? Then read this letter and *act now!*

I delivered thanks unto the Lord for this manifestation of His wondrous works. I read the letter. It said:

Do you wish to surprise your friends with your gift of writing, and to amaze your employer with your power of words? You have the "knack". By our marvellous new easy method, fifteen minutes a day in your own home will develop it.

No longer need your manuscripts be returned. Instead, through your natural power of writing which can quickly be developed by our new, original, and easy method, you can command wealth and fame. All you need do is to ACT NOW!

FOR two days the earth and the fullness thereof was mine. My delay in answering the letter was not hesitation, but merely a pause that I might drink deeply, by anticipation, of the success so near to my hand.

But a second letter from another city dealt this dream a staggering blow.

BEWARE OF QUACKS!

it warned.

There are many unscrupulous companies professing to guarantee fame and wealth to all aspiring writers who enroll in their courses. They begin by assuring you that you have a natural "knack" of writing. They guarantee that, by their "new and original easy method" this knack can be quickly developed. Such companies are not composed of teachers, critics, or writers. They are merely unscrupulous swindlers after your money.

Thus was I saved by a hair's breadth. Such intervention, I felt, must have been inspired, else how could it have reached me at so timely a moment? With a surge of grateful emotion toward my new benefactor, I read confidently his offer to develop my ability in writing. Not every person, it seemed, had this ability. But this company's experts were

skilled in detecting such ability, and honest in turning away those who lacked it. If I would submit to them a specimen of my writing, they would be delighted to give it personal attention. If these experts detected therein any evidence of true genius for writing, the company would be glad to enroll me in their training school for writers.

Ah, here was a test for which every aspiring writer must yearn. It was a chance to learn the truth — be that truth sweet or bitter. If mine was not the true genius for writing, far better to learn it now than after years of sickening effort. But if mine *was* that true genius for writing, let the deluge of rejection slips come! What cared I for stupid editors and all their tribe? Genius, from under a pyramid of rejection slips, would arise triumphant.

So upon the altar of judgment I laid my masterpiece, and in suspense I awaited the sentence.

Soon it came.

The company's experts had read my masterpiece. They found therein evidences of true genius for writing. They invited me to enroll in their school. It was a course of six months. The price was forty-four dollars and seventy-five cents.

IT IS said that if lightning strikes once, it is an accident; if twice, it is a coincidence; but if it strikes three times, there is a cause. But I was refreshingly ignorant of any cause. I had never heard of mailing lists being collected and sold, at so much a hundred. Never did I dream that other eyes than the editor's own might have viewed my literary masterpiece as it passed through the routine of a great editorial office. Much less did I sus-

pect that at least one pair of eyes in this editorial office had viewed it with more interest in the name and address than in its literary merit.

THERE now came a third letter. In dignified language, it warned me against enrolling in courses for short story writers. Some companies, of course, were downright unscrupulous. Others were in a way honest. But all exaggerated the merit of short story courses to authors. Their charges were too high and every author, good or poor, must pay the same. They made no effort to fit the special and personal needs of each student. In the nature of things, they could not. Now *this* company, on the other hand, gave no course whatever in short story writing. It gave instead personal assistance to its clients (note the word) in revising such manuscripts as they cared to submit. Then, using the influence and prestige which its name carried in editorial circles, it undertook to market these manuscripts. The price for its service was reasonable and business-like — five dollars for each consultation upon revision, a two-dollar advance deposit to cover expenses of mailing the manuscript to editors, and a ten per cent. fee on the selling price of the story. This latter, it was emphasized, was not to be paid unless and until the story was actually sold.

What could be fairer or more honest? The answer, of course, was, nothing. So in blessed relief at being delivered into the care of an honest agent, I forwarded my masterpiece. With it went the five-dollar revision fee and the two-dollar advance deposit to cover mailing costs. It brought a quick response. Indeed so

excellent was the quality of my work, that from the manager himself came high words of praise. I would understand, of course, that it was not his habit to write personally every author who submitted manuscripts, but mine showed such unusual promise that he could not forego a word of encouragement. My story was "vivid", "moving", original". The plot, in plan and in execution, showed the traces of remarkable ability. There were rough spots, to be sure, common to amateurs, but the revision by their staff of experts would care for such details. Within a week or ten days, they would have the story in the hands of some editor whom their list showed to be wanting a story of its particular type.

Meanwhile did I have another manuscript at hand, or perhaps several more? If so, they would be happy indeed to handle them.

I WAS safe at last in the hands of friends, who were not only friends but literary critics as well, able to recognize merit wherever it was found. May I be forgiven if, at that high moment, I felt more contempt than pity for that editor of the great magazine who lacked such acumen.

Hastily I wrote and forwarded a second story, which in return evoked equally high praise and the intimation of another quick sale. And now with confidence I awaited both the checks and the reputation.

Neither came.

The weeks rolled into months. Twice I wrote inquiries and twice I received assuring replies. Once the company requested a second deposit to cover additional mailing charges. They received it post haste. And that ended the chapter.

Man is a gullible creature and a glutton in the weakness. The "quick and easy, send no money" cult operates in many fields. One, for example, assures us that "a perfect voice is the divine right of every human being". But the Divine Giver of this right, it would seem, needs the assistance of a correspondence school to convert the right into reality. Simple yet mysterious is their method; simple in that it is amazingly easy; mysterious in that none but the correspondence school givers of the Perfect Voice possess the secret.

WE ARE shown a picture of the great Caruso, and told that the secret of his power lay in a highly developed hyo-glossus muscle. We are told that "the power of a Napoleon, the lure of a Cleopatra, the appeal of a Lincoln, the fame of a Jenny Lind, lies in the development of one little muscle in the throat". Just that. We are surprised to learn that these celebrities of history were not, however, products of this correspondence school. It seems that Caruso and Jenny Lind developed this amazing muscle in spite of teachers and unknown to themselves. As for the others, they lived and died in utter ignorance of their source of power.

Now to the uninitiated, an advertising display of some great singer *who had graduated from this school* would seem more convincing. But of course even a One and Incarnate Teacher of Voice has a right to be modest about his own great pupils.

Yet the modesty runs in no other direction. Other teachers may have trained Caruso, Lind, Patti, and Galli-Curci, but our Correspondence School Givers of the Perfect Voice calmly

assure the gullible that they, *and they only*, hold the mystic key to building great voices. They go a step farther, and solemnly assert that teaching by mail is actually superior to teaching by personal instruction. To clinch these assertions, they offer to prove them, and so guarantee a one hundred per cent. improvement to any and all who enroll. By what standard do they measure this improvement? They do not say. To those who obey that impulse and mail the coupon asking for further details, one of these schools answers in this manner:

A glorious tomorrow rests on your action today. Deep down in your heart, isn't there a wee sma' voice that tells you to look at the stars — to set out for the mountain top? Who knows but what you have a gold mine buried in your throat?

If that won't fetch 'em, they are not gullible.

The fee for inheriting this divine right of a Perfect Voice is one hundred and twenty dollars. But, of course, you send no money with the enrollment blank.

BUT perhaps you prefer another offering of the "quick and easy, send no money" cult. It greets you from the advertising pages of the most respectable periodicals. You behold a man in dinner dress, standing embarrassed and trembling before his fellows. The moral is explained in glaring type:

SPEECHLESS, WHEN A FEW WORDS WOULD HAVE MADE ME!

The gullible prospect is thus led to read further:

The annual banquet of our Association — the biggest men in the industry present — and without a word of warning the chairman

called on me to speak — and my mind went blank. . . . The opportunity of a lifetime thrown away. . . . Always I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others.

Exactly how such a "nobody" happened to be present at the "annual banquet of the Association" with the "biggest men in the field", is somehow not explained. As to why the chairman, without a word of warning, should be so idiotic as to call upon this "nobody" to "say a few words" to the "big men", is a question too indelicate for even the most brass-faced critic to ask. Send for the "amazing booklet", *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and it will reveal to the uninitiated how, in twenty minutes a day, by this new method so delightfully simple and easy, you can magically overcome stage fright and convert yourself from a "nobody" into an "outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand".

WHO could resist such an offer? Assuredly not you or I, my brethren. So let us clip the coupon and await the Amazing Booklet. Into our hands the postman delivers it and eagerly we devour its contents. It begins with a story of how a young man was unexpectedly called on at a meeting of a certain business club of Chicago to "say a few words"; of how he held them "spellbound"; of how, the very next day, he received an offer of a \$25,000 position. Was this young man a graduate of this Correspondence School of Wonder Workers With Words? Well now, the Amazing Booklet does not say. By some oversight, it is indefinite on this point. As an aside, it might be added that the present writer sent a personal letter

to this school, asking the name of this fortunate \$25,000 speaker. He received no answer. They did not "choose," it would seem, to reply.

BUT to return to the Amazing Booklet. It further tells us that —

Tests prove that seven men out of every nine have a natural "knack" of speaking with force and power, but do not know it.

We are assured that —

This power is now at your command — not by a wearisome course of study and old time rules, but by a new and original "short cut".

A supplementary booklet adds the following testimony:

I had always been painfully bashful. When trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation, my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. . . . I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights. . . . My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise — I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice.

And then suddenly I discovered a new, easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost over night. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. . . . In just a few months I was able to make campaign speeches for a local candidate — I, who a short time before had turned to ice when I tried to carry on an ordinary conversation.

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. . .

Now as the writer of this article, I must humbly admit that my profession is the training of college students in effective speech. In pursuing this profession I have had more than a thousand different men and women pass under my supervision. I have reason to believe that my labors with these young men and women were, in some degree, successful. But I have not found that seven out of nine

college students possess the "knack" of forceful speaking. In the letter mentioned above, I ventured to ask this school just *what* "tests" had been made to prove this statement. The inquiry was not answered. Furthermore, as a teacher of speech, I have never known a member of my tribe, famous or obscure, far or near, who was thought to possess any "new and original short cut" to the mastery of effective speech. Nor have I ever known, or heard authenticated, even one instance where a timid and tongue-tied weakling became a dominant speaker overnight.

Amazing as would seem this training in speech, it tells only part of the full benefits of this correspondence course. They overflow into other fields. To be specific, such "amazingly easy and simple" training is furthermore guaranteed to —

- Improve the memory
- Enlarge the vocabulary
- Develop the power of concentration
- Strengthen the will power
- Develop a strong personality, etc., etc.

At twenty minutes a day, this can be done in six months. And the price is forty-six dollars, with a "send no money" enrollment blank, a "money back" agreement for the dissatisfied, and a diploma entitling its holder to "all honors and privileges thereto belonging".

THERE is pathos as well as humor in the whole affair. Robert Louis Stevenson literally drove himself to an early grave by his slaving effort for a perfect style. Joseph Conrad tells of his days of despair and nights without sleep, in struggling to crystallize his forms of thought. Schumann-Heinck, in her *Reminiscences*, tells of her years

of trial and training before reaching her fullness of power as a singer. Webster was forty-eight years reaching his intellectual prime. In varying degrees, most other great thinkers and artists have followed the same path. But the "quick and easy, send no money" cult promises the millennium in six months.

GRANT that there are any number of honest and efficient correspondence schools among us, who do not follow such methods. Not a word here written is directed at them. Grant also that training from the "quick and easy, send no money" cult may be better than no training at all, although that is doubtful. But grant all of this. It still remains that this cult baits the public by its offer of "amazingly simple" short cuts; that it guarantees results from a six months course which no reputable college or university — with all of its scientific

equipment, its corps of trained educators and its advantages of personal contact — would dare guarantee even to the student who spent a lifetime within its halls.

Yet almost any institute of this cult numbers its "clients" by the thousands. One boasts of having enrolled thirty thousand. Another claims sixty-five thousand. An authority in a great Middle Western university assures me that his recent survey shows four million people to be spending around seventy millions of dollars annually for tuition in schools advertising exaggerated guarantees that no reputable institution would dare claim.

THE end is not yet in sight, for this cult will doubtless continue to thrive, in one form or another, so long as man continues to be gullible. And human nature changes very little in a million years.



More widely than ever before in America, the celestial symphonies of the carillon will be heard this Christmas and New Year. In the January issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW van Tassel Sutphen, who is both a clever author and an accomplished player of carillons, tells the fascinating story of tower music — its origin in the Low Countries, its technique and the sudden spread of its popularity in the United States

White Tryst

BY MARTHA OSTENSO

Author of *Wild Geese*

*Ten years of loyal waiting and ecstatic anticipation, and then
at the climacteric moment of fulfillment, a wraith in
the mists and eyes that looked beyond*

NOW the mist thickened to an unforgettable dream and all that was left of the familiar world was the hard sand underfoot. The desire came upon Don Barry to remove his shoes and pound up that cold, wind-cemented beach in his bare feet, until his lungs should be bursting with fog. But that was only another of those impulses that his return had summoned from their false death ten years ago, when he had said good-by to Diane upon the highest of these dunes. Did this excitement that possessed him mean that Diane had really come back, too, as she had promised, and was waiting for him up there where the sand ended?

A short way back he had stopped before the driftwood fence, grown rotten and dingy now, and with tears of exultation in his eyes had torn away a bit of the black seaweed that clung to it, and pressed the dark and bitter growth into his palms. Farther back than that, coming up from the landing where his boat was anchored, he had peered in at the window of the old crone who used to sell red and yellow balloons to the shore children

on picnic days. To the island children she had given the balloons for nothing. But the ancient dame was not there. In her stead, before the whitewashed fireplace, Don had seen a strident, brick-colored young woman in an unlovely attitude of argument with an oilskinned coast guard. It was with a feeling profounder than dismay that he had turned from the window of the shack and pressed on up the dunes.

AS THOUGH they had been waiting for him through the years, the plaintive ghosts of youth and desire waylaid him, materializing out of the mist in the shapes of things uncouth and humble and inexpressibly cherished in memory. Below him now he could see the black hulk of the wrecked *Andalusia*, like a fabulous monster half swallowed by that greater monster, the fog. It seemed that the dim, impotent spars beckoned to him, and then he remembered that that had been Diane's fantasy as she huddled against him here on the upper dunes at their last meeting. Oh, Diane, Diane! name that would never be done with breaking a heart!

The way became rocky and steep. Now sand-coated grass speared out, and suddenly an apple-tree, incredibly gnarled and formidable to the eye, stood its ground. Nailed to its trunk like the sign on a blind beggar, and weathered almost out of recognition, appeared a board with the dim legend, "White Tryst".

Don's heart oppressed him with its excitement. Would she have come before him, granting the mad chance that she would come at all?

HE HAD been in his early twenties, she just out of her teens, that last time they had rowed out to the island — not ten, but ten thousand years ago. They had been used to going out to the island in one way or other since they were children. It had been the vast country of ineffable delight, and upon it had been the incorruptible stronghold of gnomes and elves and all the beings of enchantment. Then, by some earth-alchemy, it had become a shy place, a retreat on sunny afternoons for a tow-headed boy and a girl with eyes as blue as the rare sand flower that looked to the sea.

"Ten years, my dearest, dearest!" he had cried brokenly, over and over against her lips, all but speechless from the bitterness and passion that had gathered in his throat.

"Wait for me, sweetheart!" she had whispered, her fingers twining through and through his hair. "Ten years will have paid him. And surely, surely — will I not have paid for happiness by then? Father will not live another ten years, I know, but I shall be fair. Ten years of my life is so little, really, in return for father's freedom. You can see that

— can't you, dearest? Prison — prison —" her voice had grown rigid with fear "— a day of it would kill him. In ten years he will be gone. Then I'll come back to you, Don. Right here — among the dunes — ten years from today. Come for me here — I'll go with you — anywhere. Nothing will matter then — nothing, nothing!"

She had begun to cry and her tears had run hot on his neck. He had gathered her desperately to him then, a dull heat suffusing all his body. The mists had circled and hovered about them, gigantic, nebulous wings laden with fear and pain and desire.

"White Tryst — it will be white then — after the waiting — won't it, Donny, mine?"

On the day following, Diane Inglis had married Clyde Endicott, and old John Inglis had been simultaneously freed from a charge of embezzlement of funds that had belonged to Endicott.

THE mists of ten years had gathered and flowed away from the island, and from the indiscriminate seas that had taught him life Don Barry had returned.

With a hand that trembled like a boy's he reached up and pulled off one of the grotesque apples of the tree. It came stubbornly into his hand and was wet and cold. Mechanically he set his teeth into the green thing, and the rush of memory that followed its tart, stinging flavor of wind and salt and fog overwhelmed him.

He unlatched the gate and it sagged back upon its hinges to admit him. The stone walk, tufted about by brittle grass, led crazily up to the

house. The building had been white once, but now it was of no color whatever. It appeared as untenanted as an old nest. A raw feeling that was not caused by the fog crept over him as he made his way up the walk.

"She won't be here," he told himself, to steady the beating of his heart.

He was up on the sloping veranda now and saw that the boards of the floor gaped apart and that the sand had drifted into the cracks. Old Silas Tate, if he were still alive and in charge of the place, must have fallen upon evil days. Don's hand reached for the door knob. Ten years was a long time for a woman to remember. But Diane had been more than a woman. She had been the mate of a man's soul, and her eyes had been like a calm day at sea.

THE door plunged inward the instant the latch released its sodden weight. For a few seconds Barry's eyes struggled to adjust themselves to that darker projection of the fog with which the room was filled. Then the scuffle of a chair across the bare floor had almost the same effect that the lighting of a lamp might have had: it revealed to him the presence of another person in that walled density that was neither light nor darkness.

"Silas Tate?" he asked across the room.

The gray webs seemed to knit suddenly together, and from the corner of the room a shape, vast and flabby and indifferent as the mist itself, rose to meet him.

"Yes, sir — yes, sir," came the voice, a thin wisp of a thing. "Must of dozed off — an' here it's gone an'

got dark on me. Take a chair, there, sir, while I light the lamps."

Barry sat down on something. She had not come, then — not yet. During the brief moment before the light flared up under Silas Tate's hand, Don Barry lived through an eternity of loneliness and loss. All the futility and barren mockery of his life, that had been — he realized it now — a vain pursuit of the elusive wraith of happiness, bored at his heart like a sickening pain. Empty, empty, as a floating mist!

BARRY got up and went over to the desk where the old hotel keeper was polishing the nickel bowl of the lamp. When he came close to him he was shocked to see how Silas Tate had aged. He would not have thought it possible for a human being to become so old. And then, in the dusty glass behind the old man, Barry caught a glimpse of his own face.

Where now was the eager image of youth that had looked out at him there only ten years ago? The eyes had narrowed, the mouth had been drawn slightly awry by compromise and struggle against compromise. Pinching lines of disillusion had appeared on either side of his nose. His damp hair showed threadings of gray. For an instant it seemed to him that his presence here and its grave significance held something comic as well as pitiful. Resurrecting a ghost, that was what he was trying to do — and clumsily fitting flesh upon it! Diane — what would she see in that face now, where before she had seen never the bruise nor the blemish of life? With something like fright he turned his eyes from the glass to Silas Tate.

"Hain't many comin' here no more," the old man was droning, as though to himself. "'Ceptin' yourself, there hain't been a soul here now for near a week."

WHEN Don spoke there was a nervous catch in his voice. "A lady hasn't been here, then, today? A dark haired lady, slim, with blue eyes and —" He paused suddenly and found that he was pouring out his heart to the unconcerned embodiment of senility itself.

"No, sir. No, sir," Silas told him, his head wagging. "There hain't been a soul, sir, not for more'n — but say, there was somethin' queer happened this afternoon, now. Yes, sir. Mebbe it's just that I'm gettin' on, but I swear to it — I saw a ghost! I was lookin' out o' the window there, thinkin' as how I ought to be goin' to the village tomorrow for supplies. There's a party o' shore folk comin' out day after tomorrow, sir. I was thinkin' o' that, sir, when all of a sudden somethin' white steps out o' the mist. It had just started to gather — the fog, I mean. The sun hadn't gone yet, quite, an' this here ghost — God knows I'm no superstitious fool — steps right out o' the the fog. You know, mebbe, how the fog looks at sundown, if it's just beginnin' to gather — like as if there's a furnace blazin' up somewhere far away, you can't tell just where. Well, there she stood, as I say, like part o' the fog had got whiter against the rest of it. And all that was dark of her was the eyes, an' they stared toward the house here — kept a-starin', sir, till they made me creep. I wouldn't believe it — but I seen it — plain as day."

"All right, Silas," Don interrupted, extremely calm. "I'll believe you. Now, get me some hot tea, eh? Is that little sitting room on the east side of the house still open?"

"Yes — and no, sir. It's open, but there ain't been fire in it for some time back. The flue don't work, sir. You can sit in there, right enough, if you want, but there's a wind comin' up that'll fair tear them shutters off. I'll get a pot o' tea."

DON BARRY, treading veritably on air, passed through the corridor and into the room that was so secure in memory. Diane had come to White Tryst before him. It had been Diane whom Silas had seen. Barry could not doubt that. It was like her to come early, drink the place in, and go away for a while. She would be back — oh, she would be back! His veins fairly burned with the rushing of his blood.

He seated himself in that room where ten years before he and Diane Inglis had taken tea at twilight with the shadows of the apple blossom boughs from which White Tryst took its name falling across the table, blues and ambers and the faint colors of china.

Tonight the room was a shambles of neglect. Rain had dripped from a corner of the ceiling and made a rusty hole in the carpet. The springs of the chair in which Don had seated himself complained in an uncanny key whenever he stirred. Out of the tail of his eye he saw once the fugitive shadow of a mouse vanish into a crack beneath the window. The wind that old Silas had predicted came up and the shutters threshed viciously to and fro. The

tea in Barry's cup grew cold, untouched.

Seven o'clock — eight o'clock — nine o'clock. . . .

Old Silas pattered into the room, endeavored vainly to still the clamor of the shutters.

"You really expectin' somebody — a night like this?" he asked, turning toward the door.

"A ghost, Silas," said Don.

The old man regarded him strangely, then took himself out of the room.

DON waited, his heart bounding at every sound he heard within the old house or in the yard outside. He paced back and forth, up and down the floor, halting to listen now and then. He was convinced that she would come. He would not have forgotten a single little detail of her. There would be her straight, slim throat, and the sensitive depression in her full upper lip. Her eyes would be direct and yet far away, as though she were taking you with her to unimagined places. She would come to him as sweet, as enchanting as when she had left him Or would she — would she? Great Heaven, how was such a thing possible! A physical panic seized him. He paused and looked about the room in bewilderment, as though someone there had shouted a startling truth into his ears. Something within him crumpled, collapsed. He made his way to the chair, dropped into it, buried his head in his hands. All these years . . . waiting . . . nonsense, all of it! It was memory that was sweet, memory alone that held indestructible beauty.

That was it, he thought bleakly. What if she did come, did go away with him? There would be the rotten

noise, the scandal, the hideous adjustments to be made, the thousand unanticipated changes that each would find in the other. What, in that base shuffle, would become of the precious days of wind and sun and mountainous white clouds over island dunes? Madness, madness, his coming here! What if she returned . . . now? He would have to meet her, drag the lovely fabric of romance through the mire. No, he would bolt, rather. Far rather play the coward than be the despoiler of that beautiful thing.

HE HEARD the outer door of the house open. He heard old Silas Tate's voice bidding someone come in.

The door of the sitting room was pushed back, and framed against the dim light of the corridor stood, not Diane, but the man who had been Diane's husband for ten years.

The man laughed, quietly, deliberately.

"I made a little bet with myself that you'd be here. It amuses me to find that I have won," he said, coming forward without troubling to close the door behind him.

Don Barry faced him on the middle of the floor. His eyes were expressionless as they met those of the other man.

"You are very careful with your wagers, Endicott," he said levelly. "You seem to have a knack for games in which you take no chances."

Endicott smiled and bowed slightly. "On the contrary, Barry," he said amiably, "I was betting against very heavy odds. Who would believe that romance still lived in a man of your experience in the world and your — well, your years?"

Barry picked up his hat from the table where he had placed it. He began to fear that he would be unable to control the desire to dash his fist into Endicott's face.

"It would be impossible for you to believe it, Endicott, naturally," he observed.

"You're just a little hard on me, Barry," Endicott said. "The fact is, it's only an accident that I'm here at all. It just happened that my wife wrote you a letter ten years ago — on our wedding night, to be precise. That, perhaps, wasn't so accidental, after all, but I happened to come upon the maid who was taking the letter out to post. That's how I came to know of your little rendezvous — arranged ten years ahead of time. Delightful information for a happy bridegroom to receive, what? You'll have to give me credit for one thing, Barry — I never spoke of it to her. I call that rather decent, eh? There are men who would have gone back and —"

A SHUTTER flailed itself upon the outer wall, shaking the house to its foundations. Endicott's voice ceased suddenly. Don discovered his mind suddenly out there upon the upper ridges of sand, where the fog must now be hurtling like a flock of white sheep driven by the moon. Funny idea, that — Diane's, perhaps.

Endicott's voice whirled on again, a little diffident now, halting. He was standing very straight, his knuckles white about the head of his cane which, Don observed, was precisely wedged in a crack in the floor.

"But though I never spoke to her about it, Barry, I never forgot it, either. All my life — all her life —

hung upon that secret. It's a hard thing to explain to you, you see. I said to myself — oh, a thousand times — I said, 'Come, now, this is no great matter, after all. Ten years is a long time and she'll change.' You see? And all the while she was saying to herself, undoubtedly, 'I'll never change — never!' You see? But she did change, Barry. A woman — especially a woman like Diane — can't wage a secret war for ten years and live. I was kind to her — certainly — and she was always courteous to me. Outwardly, you see. But the doctor began to understand after a time. He warned her against any undue strain on her heart. That made the case a serious one. She knew it was serious. But men — men like me — and you, too, Barry — know very little about a woman like her. You've been gone ten years — having your fling, no doubt, after the manner of a man. Certainly. I'd have done the same. But she — she was a gallant soul, Barry! She *would* keep this tryst — this silly, romantic promise of hers was all she ever lived for. Gallant, what? But that was Diane. Straight as an arrow."

BARRY'S eyes became hot with sudden anger. He took a step toward Endicott, his fingers twitching about the brim of his hat. But Endicott lifted his hand.

"Don't be hasty, my friend," he urged. "Wait until I have told you. She came to this island every year — just at this time. Came to this room, too. Poor girl! Today the doctor told her she should not leave the house. But she didn't hear him. She asked me to take her down here to the island. I didn't ask her to

wait till tomorrow. You see, I knew. No other day would do. We came down in my yacht. She was nearly bursting with excitement all the way. She didn't even try to hide it from me. We dropped anchor about sundown. There was a strange fog running in from the sea. Diane stood on the deck when we moored. One moment her face would be white as paper — the next she would look like a rose. And all eyes — off somewhere."

WHAT Don Barry saw then in the face of Diane's husband would not bear scrutiny. It was something stark, helpless and lost.

"When we landed, she slipped away alone. I let her go, but sent two of my men to see that she should not lose her way. I went down to the village. When I came back — an hour later — she was lying dead in her cabin. The men had carried her

in. That's why I came here — to tell you."

Perhaps it was the clamor of the outer world that made Endicott's voice sound so low, so unsure. Barry looked at the knuckles on the head of the cane, white and motionless as marble.

"THERE was a message," Endicott added. "She gave it to her maid. Her last words." His voice fell away and his fingers relaxed as he lifted the cane to the crook of his other arm. "I think you ought to know what they were, Barry. She said, 'White Tryst — white forever!' Gallant, what?"

In the next moment he was gone, his erect shoulders framed only for an instant in the doorway. The shutter slammed upon the sudden vacancy of the room and Don Barry's mind saw the broken fog hurtling down the sand, like white sheep under a moon.



¶ Next month, "*The Resistant Strain*", by Donald and Louise Peattie — a romantic tale of modern science battling plant disease, flood waters and human stupidity to gain a great American crop

Maternity in the Mountains

BY MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Director, Frontier Nursing Service

An account of heroic and romantic service for "life more abundantly" among the twenty millions of America's stalwart and sterling but isolated mountaineers

AMERICANS have come to look upon themselves as an urban people, now that over half the population is concentrated in cities and towns. It is characteristic of us to talk about the rights of minorities in other nations, and think only in terms of majorities in our own. Thus there has come about a curious paradox in our modern industrialized life — a great people with the frontiers behind them in the memory of living generations, forgetting that there ever were such things as frontiers. The American stands with one foot in a forest and the other on a concrete sidewalk. More than fifty million of us get our water out of faucets and our heat out of radiators and seek the countryside only as a summer pastime. We seem to overlook the fact that other millions are still living under primitive conditions of remoteness and isolation. How does it fare with them?

It is now over three years since a group of Kentuckians began what in modern terms might be called a "project", in the mountain fastnesses of the eastern part of their State. These mountains are part of that great Ap-

palachian system which covers an area about the size of Great Britain and has a population larger than the city of New York. There are few towns and fewer resorts for hundreds of square miles.

THE old American stock lives back in the creek beds and mountain gaps, in a region where there are no automobiles, no railroads, no bridges over the streams. When to the millions in these Appalachians we add those in the Ozarks and parts of the Rockies and other geographically inaccessible areas in America, we can say conservatively that close to twenty million Americans are frontiersmen today, and that none of the safeguards of life and health which the towns enjoy are accessible to them. Now, twenty million people may seem small beer and cheese to a population of over a hundred million; nevertheless they are a good many people — nearly two-thirds of the population of France and nearly four times the population of Scotland. What happens to twenty million people when they are cut off from the outside world?

We are not now concerned with education and commerce. As a matter of fact, the philanthropy of individuals and churches has placed schools here and there through the mountains, and the genius of the mountain people keeps trade going wherever there are any resources they can handle.

BUT how can such a genius reduce its own death rate? How can individuals, no matter how intelligent, unaided by science, apply the life-saving principles which science has brought to birth only in modern times? What does it avail our frontier population that we know a lot about tuberculosis, that we can inoculate against typhoid and diphtheria, that aseptic surgery and X-ray save lives every day, when none of these things are possible for them? What does our modern care of women in childbirth under skilled obstetricians in great cities matter to them? There, women bear their babies on lonely creeks unattended but by neighbors. In big cities we have more than halved our death rate of infants from diarrhoeal conditions with baby hygiene clinics, pediatricians and highly skilled nurses. Who is bringing these things to the mountain mother? Except at an occasional mission station, or in the few towns of the Appalachian range, the medical and nursing service for this area, the size of an empire, is almost negligible. Small wonder that we have lost more women in childbirth in our history as a nation than men in war, or that two hundred thousand of our weakest and most defenseless citizens pass annually from one dark cradle to another with hardly a gap between.

These are the facts — primary, elemental facts — which have so borne

in upon a group of us in Kentucky, that we have set out to combat them. First, we made a careful study of the existing obstetric situation in a mountain area of a thousand square miles with a population just under thirty thousand. This fell to my lot and took over two months of horseback travel through three counties. This convinced us that the only way of reaching the population in such a rough country would be through a system of nurses trained as midwives, decentralized, living at regional intervals, within reach of the mothers and children and in touch with the nearest available medical supply.

SECOND, we undertook a long study of the methods and results in Great Britain, where the nurse-midwife has met with unqualified success. This also fell to my lot and consumed the better part of eighteen months, during which I took a midwife's training in London and qualified by examination under the English Central Midwives' Board. The famous Queen's nurses of Great Britain, who combine midwifery with nursing, have a death rate in childbirth for their cases only one-half the national, and only one-fourth that of ours in the United States. Their midwifery service cares for some forty to fifty thousand women annually in England alone.

It was in the Scottish Highlands that we found the plan for our local Kentucky formation. In 1924 I made a trip through that region, covering many of the stormy islands of the Outer Hebrides. For every seven hundred or so of the population I found a splendid resident nurse-midwife, living in the heart of her district, often with the thundering seas between her lonely

island and the nearest medical man, with whom she communicated by telegraph, and operating under a local voluntary committee, composed of her own leading people. When we came at last, after long preparation, in the summer of 1925 to organize our Kentucky venture, we adapted the Scottish Highland system to our own situation.

OUR method is one of decentralization. Our nurse-midwives live in little houses in the heart of their districts of not more (sometimes less) than a five-mile radius, which is about seventy-eight square miles. We have five of these centres to date and cover about 350 square miles in two counties. Our aim is, as rapidly as possible, to cover 1,000 square miles with a population of 30,000 people, running into three or four counties and not touching the railroad at any point. This will give us sufficient material for statistical purposes. We keep very accurate records.

There are four aspects of our work, each one of which is of major importance. Any one of them would justify our demonstration, but the four work well together and allow a nurse to fill all her time profitably in her well defined field, thus reducing to a minimum the time spent in travel.

First and foremost comes the midwifery. Our nurses are required, in addition to their general training and their public health, to be especially prepared as midwives under the Central Midwives' Board requirements in Great Britain. Our first consideration is to cut down the maternal and early infant death rate. We do this by the most painstaking pre-natal work, septic care of the mother during her

confinement, in normal cases, coöperation with the nearest available medical supply (at some points eighteen miles distant, over rough trails) for abnormal complications, and ten days' good nursing *post-partum* care. This is the first consideration with us, because it is our primary objective; everything else comes afterward.

SECOND, and only second in importance, is our programme of baby hygiene. Intensive work in baby hygiene is done in America only in centres of civilization. We have at present enrolled with us over one thousand infants and toddlers under the school age. We see them at least once a month whenever possible, and oftener when needed. We consider our work with them and their mothers as a sort of university extension of far greater value to the nation than anything that could be done for students in maturer life. If we were doing only that we should think our programme justified. Over one thousand little creatures are being protected through careful home teaching, against flies and contaminated water and badly cooked food, and they and their mothers are being gradually drawn through their own environment into health and happiness.

Third, we nurse the sick. We believe strongly in bedside nursing as part of a public health programme, and we think that one reason why we are so successful in our inoculations is because we have gone to the people when they sent for us in their hours of distress and have given them good nursing care.

Fourth, at the request of the State Board of Health we carry on a preven-

tive public health programme. Where there is a county health officer in one county (because of a special grant following last year's flood), this is in coöperation with him and under his immediate direction. In the other county, where there is no health officer, it is directly under the State Board of Health. We chlorinate wells, we give hookworm treatment, and we inoculate against typhoid and diphtheria. We have given thousands of these inoculations in the first three years of our work. In opening up a new station recently on Red Bird River, eighteen miles from the county seat and the nearest physician, we found the people so responsive that we gave over 1,300 inoculations in our first six weeks. This also as a programme, together with the work in the schools, educationally and in getting defects among the school children remedied, would justify our existence as an organization.

ALL our work is carried forward on horseback, and it would not be possible without the personal devotion of each member of the staff, which now numbers twelve. The rule of our service is simple — if a father can come for us, the nurse can go with him. On the stormiest winter nights, when the streams are half covered with ice, the nurses go out on their calls, and they get about when even Uncle Sam's muleback mail service stays at home. They have met with some accidents, but none have been severely injured and none have been killed. Last winter when a block of ice struck the horse of one in the river, and, again, when one got into quicksand, we had close calls. Needless to say, service like this attracts the very finest type of woman.

Only such are possible for it and no other kind could stand it for a week. Their home life, thanks to the generosity of friends, who give the little houses in which the nurses live and from which they carry on their work, is cheerful and comfortable. The work starts at every point from a temporary centre, which is a one- or two-room cabin. After incredible exertions, a pleasing house of stone or logs or clapboards is ready, with its well-equipped dispensary and its bright living room fire.

A number of our friends have the hardihood to come in to see us in the summer season, but no guests come during the long winters. At times our nurses do not get to a railroad for six months on end. We share the lives of the people with whom we live.

ALTHOUGH our association is only three years old, we have established principles and formed traditions, and our work follows a well defined plan and is keeping up with the schedule we set for it. By the end of the next two years we hope to have covered our first thousand square miles. Our organization then purposes covering a similar block in the Ozarks of Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas. Our object is to reach every frontier mother and child. The work is financed through branch committees formed in many of the large cities of America, which coöperate with our trustees in securing memberships, regular and sustaining, in the Frontier Nursing Service. Thus the large cities are adopting the frontiers. At these two extremes, urban and rural America join hands together in a cause we all hold in common — the preservation of our race.